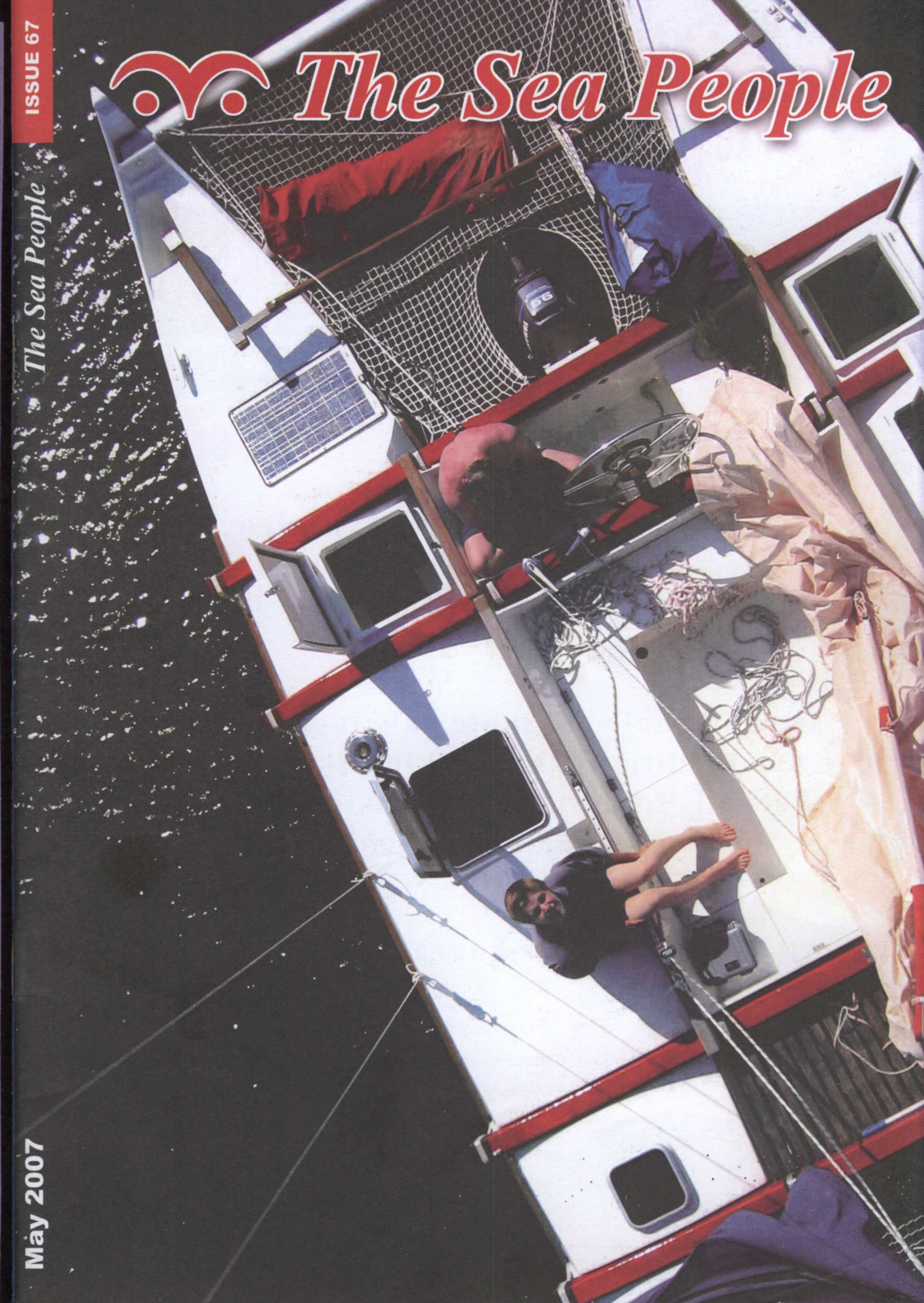
ISSUE 67

The Sea People



The Sea People

May 2007

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The Sea People

Magazine of the Polynesian Catamaran Association

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From the PCA constitution:

The objects of the association are to promote and further the interests of builders and owners of Polynesian Catamarans, and to encourage the development of good seamanship in all its aspects amongst the association's members.
« Polynesian Catamarans » shall mean the various classes of catamarans as designed by James Wharram.

Contents

News for Sea People	**4**
From the editor	**5**
Cruising Lake Kariba	**6**
Engine exchange	**10**
Idle thoughts	**13**
Pictures	**16**
Hints & Tips	**18**
From starboard hull	**19**
Taraipo tales	**20**
News from Sea People	**22**
Chinese yuloh	**24**
Cat corner: Hoedic island	**26**
Obituary: Thomas Firth Jones	**28**
Letters	**29**
Ditty bag	**30**
Boutique	**31**
Faces of Sea People	**Back cover**

Cover:

Pahi 31 "MAUGHIDHOO 2" from the mast.

News for Sea People

Call for Nominations of PCA officers - It is that time of the year again when we ask for nominations for those willing to take part in the election process and to serve on the PCA committee for the coming year if successful. That year will start at the AGM which is likely to take place in late October/November. The firm date and location for the AGM will be in the next issue of the SeaPeople.

All of the current committee (James Wharram—commodore, Gerald Winkler - vice-commodore, Ken Hook - secretary, Anita Hook -treasurer, Rémy Roy -editor, Extra voting members, Dirk Horstmann - Europe rep, Steve Veale – USA West coast rep, Steve Tellardin –USA East coast rep) are willing to stand again for re-election. Carl Reynolds says he will make way for a new Australasian nomination but will stand again if there are no nominations forthcoming.

A vacancy exists for assistant secretary. This is a distinct role and does not necessarily mean you would have to take on the role of secretary at some time. The task of secretary definitely needs two pairs of hands. I could not do this with the extensive help of Anita.

If you wish to nominate someone for any of the positions please post or email your nomination to the PCA office or to pcasecretary@pca-seapeople.org by 25th August 2007 at the latest. Please ensure that the candidate that you are nominating is willing and able to serve.

It was with sadness that the PCA office learnt of Dave Brooman's passing in February, after a short battle with cancer. He was a well liked man, with big plans for his retirement, sailing on board his Naria 4 "SueMandy" , with his lovely wife Julie, & family. Julie & Dave managed to get to Portugal, & met up with Greg Fleming, to check out the area, coming back with lots of happy memories. Dave was an enthusiastic member of the PCA for over 20 years at least! He had some excellent ideas on how to promote the PCA. His enthusiasm will be sadly missed, a big man with a big heart. Julie, with help from family, intends to sail Sue Mandy to Portugal where they wanted to be. Julie faces a steep learning curve to be able to achieve this and would welcome input and support from members of the PCA able to offer it.

BEALE PARK - Unfortunately this issue is published too late for this year's Thames Boat Show at Beale Park. This year, as last, James and Hanneke showed the Tahiti Wayfarer. Your secretary, Ken Hook, assisted them and met quite a few PCA members over the long weekend. We expect that there will be a combined James Wharram Designs and PCA presence next year and for a few years to come. PCA volunteers are welcome to share the workload on the stand. This could be for part of a day or one or more days of the show. There is free admissioon and camping for exhibition staff. Please contact the PCA office if you are interested and we will remind all about this event in good time next year.

IMPORTANT

We have a project to publish special issues of the magazine dedicated to the Tiki 21 and to the Tiki 26 cats. We would be very grateful to anyone of you who can send us some papers and pictures about construction, special arrangements or upgradings, coastal or blue water sailing, inland water sailing on lakes, joys or pains (even capsizing), projects, and so on. We would be happy also to get some papers with the women and children points of view… Please send the material to the PCA office (pictures will be send back if asked)

2007	PCA meetings & other events	Contact
June 8 – 10	Beale Park with JWD	PCA office
July 6 – 8	Austrian meet at Neusiedlersee (Austria)	Gerald Winkler
June 30 - July 1	Providence, Rhode Island, USA	Clif Thompson
July 14 - 15	Brest, Rance Meet (France)	Bertrand Fercot
August 24 - 27	Poole meet (UK)	Ken Hook
Nov 30-Dec 2	Florida meet (USA) at Hobe Sound/Peck Lake	Dan Kunz & Gene Perry
Others?		

Please, check the website for the latest info about the meetings or ring the PCA office.

How to host a Meet?

What's needed to host a meet?
Enthusiasm & optimism
Minimally one (or two) boats, preferably Wharrams.
A couple of anchorages within a day's sail
Pre-designated pickup points.
Site for a BBQ or inexpensive restaurant.
Free/cheap parking nearby for visitors by road.

Some PCA members have invited members to their areas with little or no turnout but continue to extend the invitation. This is the kind of optimism & enthusiasm needed. I've intended meets at 4 different locations. They've all been different and they have all their own personalities and charm.

Organising a regional social is even easier. All you need is to designate a time and a place. The PCA will willingly assist with notification via website, e-mail, magazine and regional snail-mailing (these usually produce best results).

*** A burgee or item of PCA clothing will be given to all hosts of PCA events/rallies

ARE YOU READY?

With the reappearance of the sunny days it is time to think (if you have not already done it) to get ready for the next sailing days. It may be time for fixing all the new equipment on board, checking the sails, giving a new layer of paint to the hulls and so on.

And what about the destination? Do you know all the regulations of the place you are thinking about? Have you all the official papers ready? And the nautical instructions and charts?

It is better to check everything twice than never. To illustrate this let me to tell you what have happened to me and some friends about 25 years ago.

A couple of friends, their two children and me were sailing from the Venezuelan coast to the Haitian one on a 51 feet long cruising trimaran named *Architheutis*. During three days it was a nice cruise during which we were passing time between fishing, sunbathing and teaching scholar programs to the children.

Three years ago when we were planning this round Atlantic journey everything have been well prepared. As my wife was working in the biggest French nautical bookstore I have ordered all the charts and instructions from the French Hydrographic and British Admiralty offices. We had at least on board two hundreds charts, so we were sure that even the smallest cove would be drawn on one of them.

By noon a small dark coastline appeared on the skyline. As one of my hobbies on board is to fix the position with the sextant I was quite sure that was the Haitian coastline, but what place exactly? I ask to Gerard (my friend) to take out from the lockers the Haitian charts. After a long silence he came back on the deck saying that he has not found the charts. Immediately everybody on board (even the children) tried to find those bloody charts and, believe me, on a big cruising trimaran the places where things can be hidden are numerous. After almost an hour of search it was time to face the facts: the charts of the great Caribbean Islands (from Cuba to Puerto Rico) have been left behind in France two years ago!

The Haitian coastline was growing more and more. After few minutes of a new research we finally found a map of Haiti in the…dictionary! On that 8" x 5" chart the only town plotted was the capital, far away on the other side of the coastline we were looking at. But we could plot the position of the summits. Suddenly we were as Christopher Columbus four centuries ago along the same coast which was unknown of us. Hopefully the southern Haitian coast is clear of danger. Finally we encountered a fisherman in his dugout pirogue few miles away from the coast. In exchange of a meal and some cold drinks he came on board to show us the head to follow for a local cove entrance. So it was that we arrived with a pirogue in tow in a place named "*Sale Trou*" (meaning Dirty Hole; could you believe it?)!

So it is better to check everything before the departure two or three times, and by different people, to be sure that your future sailing journey will not be subject to jokes for your friends…

Rémy.

All members submitting articles for submission to the mag, will be entered into a drawing at the AGM. Prizes will consist of PCA clothing/burgee/items that have been presented in the money saving column for that year.

Articles for submission to the mag can be sent to the PCA Office or electronically to
pcatxt@pca-seapeople.org (for articles, simple txt is best, .doc (MSWord) is fine also)
and pcapix@pca-seapeople.org (for pictures or drawings) .jpg format preferred (others less so)
(pictures should be scanned in at 300dpi resolution and size should be no more than 300Kb please)
(please keep total transmission size to 500Kb or less, 3 x 300Kb files are easier to transmit/receive than 1 @ 900Kb)

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Cruising Lake Kariba

Written by Derek Huggins, on Keith Viewing's Tangaroa II . *Continued from Issue 66*

Tuesday 16th September 1997
Early, soon after dawn at the place of the Ba Tonga fishing weight at Bumi East Bay. It is grey and cool. We watch a crocodile. Head and serrated back visible just above the water line. It is making slow way towards a small island where an egret rests. The egret alarms and flies. The crocodile turns and swims slowly across the bay. It appears to be of enormous size and perhaps one of these that measure five metres and more from head to tail tip.

We pulled up the dingy without difficulty and laid it on the starboard hull between the cabin and the fore hatch where it fitted nicely and securely. We cast off and use the engine to find the deep water. Light fickle breeze. Sunshine and gentle water. We barely sail. There is little to do or say. We wash clothes and spread them out to dry. We wash down with the bucket on the planks and feel good. We make way slow way. We have "intermediate scoff" of tea and biscuits and bully beef and other desirables several times over. In the afternoon we negotiate the entrance to the Umi River and look for a creek and a mooring. Keith says it is very different because the water level is so much higher than when he was last here. We run the channel through the trees and find a narrow creek without stumps which is very sheltered . We throw out the anchor and moor. Water buck grazing on the bank. They watch us carefully and then resume feeding. Dark hills of the Matusadona in the distance. Last rays of the sun turn all golden. Nature calls and I go ashore. Look again for the interesting rocks. Come back with a rock which Keith identifies for its red brown colour and strangely textured surface and which he accepts for his collection . Darkness comes and I watch a firefly blaze and dim, and blaze and dim along the bank. The moon gets up directly astern and throws a shimmering light across the water to us. We make ready for the evening meal. Suddenly, I notice the bottom left hand corner of the moon is obscured. I look for cloud in the sky. There is none.
"Hey, Keith", I call down into the galley. "Somebody's putting out the moon's light". Keith puts his head out of the hatch and has a look.
"Well I never," he says. "That's worth a look through the glasses" And we gaze at length at the face of the moon.

We dine on pasta and precooked bolognaise laced with chutney, and washed down with a beer, all the time observing the eclipse, as the shadow of the earth gradually covers the face of the moon. Then, turning in, lying flat on our backs in our sleeping bags on deck, continue the moon watch. The silver face is slowly obscured by shadow and dims and takes on a brown ivory colour. The illuminated crescent at the top right hand corner finally disappears. The eclipse is total. The moon's light is out. The stars across the length of the Milky Way are brilliant. The bay is dark as pitch. Total silence. Nothing moving. Nothing calling. Every creature watching and waiting for the light to come on again. And it seems to take an age and as though it was gone for good. We began watching at about seven o'clock and now it is after nine. We are jocular about whether the moon's light would be turned on again and if not, was it to be the end of the world. Slowly, the moon's light comes back on, from the bottom right hand corner across it's face the other way. The fluorescent trail across the water returns. Life sounds reverberate in the bush again. We sleep peacefully and soundly.

Wednesday, 17th September, 1997
Dawning…. The water buck are still grazing on the bank across the water.
Decision: To sail further up the Umi River to Tiger Bay or to proceed west along the lake and if so what will the winds be like? There is a lot of cloud in the direction of the big water and I tell Keith there will be a good blow. We cast off for the open water. We clear the mainland and find a brisk wind and choppy water. We put on all sails and steer for Starvation Island. To port and starboard and astern are forests of petrified trees. Their branches, like white gnarled fingers clutching at the sky, stand clear of the grey green water.
Above and around the basin, dark blue black clouds that extend to the horizon. The wind

freshens. We pull on our sweaters. The waves get up and cream and roam across our vista of water and sky. The Boa Gente pitches but rolls little. The spray from the bows is gathered by the wind. This is sailing at its best when the wind and the water make themselves felt on the face and on the backs of the hands and through ones hair. Keith sits at the tiller on the starboard hull and I on the port. I feel the delight of the moment of living totally in the present. The contentment of being alive and being free and out on the water bound for an unknown destination.

We make good time. Starvation Island grows bigger every moment and comes up on the starboard side. There are four elephants gazing near the waters edge and several herds of impala further inland. We run on past the southern end of the island and soon, away on our port side, we see the Bumi Hills where, on the plain near the water's edge, there are elephant, herds of antelope and a big herd of buffalo. The sun comes through and the water blues. We are running with the wind fresh astern and pass Lugbangwa and Twin Sisters islands and through the gap of islands 126 and 127. Earth strata are clearly visible in the side of the hill and Keith says he has been ashore here before. "There are dinosaur bones in the red clay beneath the basalt lava", he shouts and I nod vigorously. And onward all the time, running and creaming along beautifully with the wind fresh from astern. "This time of year, wind gets up about mid morning and blows west along the lake and then comes back in the afternoon," says Keith. He seems pleased with the performance of the boat and our progress too. And so to Weather Island where Keith drops the jib and the main, starts the engine and with the mizzen still up for steerage, takes us into the deep and sheltered Honeymoon Bay, past the wave lashed rocky point with the cave, and into quiet water where we moor and tie up to fever and wild fig trees. Here along the bank there are many uprooted trees that are still sprouting branches. And along the waters edge the brush is broken. There is much sign of elephant. Water filled spoor and droppings. We furl the sails and toss them down the hatches at the fore end. It is very hot. We set about making ourselves comfortable. We tie the canvas awning to the rigging for shade and put down our mattresses. We eat on of Keith's famous "intermediate" meals and then take siesta.

A fish eagle shrieks its still cry. It comes to rest in the top of a wild fig tree at the end of the bay. We watch it through the glasses. It flies to investigate us further and comes swooping to rest in the top of the tree to which we are tied. He is expectant of

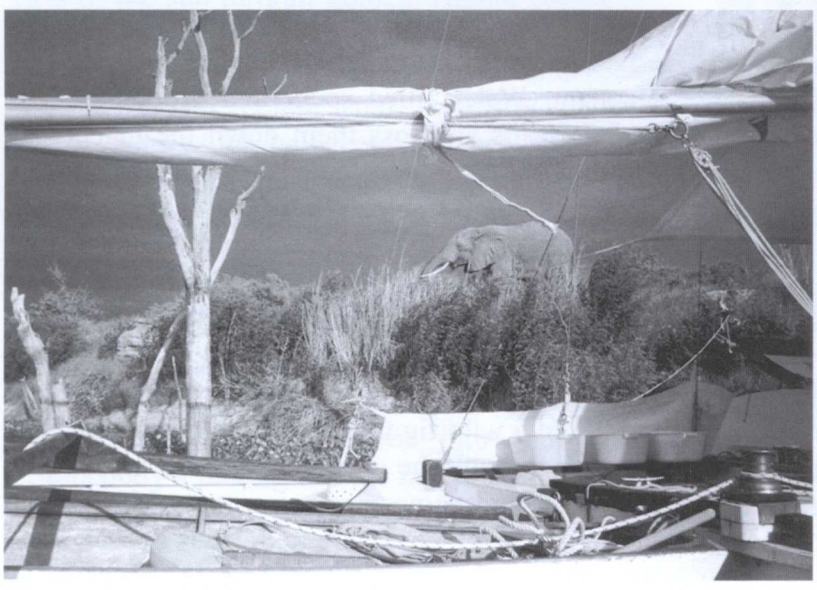
a fish morsel. But we are without. It perches for some more minutes and then returns to its fig tree. A black and white kingfisher is active about the same tree....dipping and hovering and then like an arrow plummets into the water to seize a small fish. We spot a lone elephant on the hillside above. It is like a black rock that moves. It wends its way down to the waters edge and browses on the big fig tree and then meanders across to the other side of the bay and up the hillside.

In the late afternoon we climb the bank away from the boat and cross the saddle towards the windward water on the other side. Descending the slope with Keith in the front as scout there is sudden movement and a splash. "Crocodile," says Keith. "Got a glimpse of him." We climb down the cove. It is isolated and beautiful. Sun on the horizon, a rocky island in the middle distance, a few dead trees standing in the shallows and water lapping nicely on a shore. We look for a sign. There in the damp firm sand near the waters edge are two claw marks. "They should be the rear legs," says Keith. We measure the distance between them with the spans of our hands. "About twenty two inches. Big," says Keith.

"Too big for me," I say , remembering what my old friend, Andy Theunissen, had said about being attacked by a crocodile when scuba diving at Kariba many years ago. "Like being hit by a falling log." He had been lacerated on the arms but had escaped serious injury. I hurl a few big rocks over arm which bomb into the water amongst the dead trees. We strip and wash at the waters edge. We do not bath. We are uneasy and watchful. The pleasure is lost. For me the cove will always be the place of the crocodile.

Thursday, 18th September, 1997

We cast off early and put out along the inlet towards the open water with the mizzen up and the motor running. It is an outboard of about five horse power and really too small for the Boa Gente. There is no sign of the lone elephant nor the fish eagle. The kingfisher is out and active. We clear the promontory with its rocky shore and the cave above and find there is good movement on the water and a strong fresh wind from the east. I am at the tiller and, at the Captain's direction, am steering straight ahead for an island – a huge rock which climbs sheer out of the water about three miles away – and Keith is busy hoisting the jib. The motor chokes and stops. Keith mutters – I never did hear him swear – and he hastens to the stern and winds and pulls but the motor remains silent. The wind is east to west across our bows and we begin to drift towards the rocks. There would be no chance to fend ourselves off. Keith winds and pulls several times, looking often and anxiously at the rocks . And then with a cough the motor starts and we pick up steerage and clear the point.



"Bravo, Captain," I say.

"I didn't enjoy that," says Keith. We hove to and hoist the main and then sailing close hauled to the wind and coming about and tacking made for Partridge Island and on past Namembere and through the gap of 126 and 127 under a grey and cloudy sky with a good wind all the way. And the wind dies and the clouds

disperse and the water flattens and the sun beats down. We are forced to motor slowly to Starvation Island. It is hot and sultry and lifeless and blue. Two wagtails, en route between Namembere and Bumi, rest on the rigging and break the boredom. We investigate at close quarters the Bumi shoreline. A herd of elephant, zebra, buffalo, impala, water buck graze near the water. And then onwards towards Bumi East – the place of the Ba Tonga fishing weight- which we make by late afternoon and after running aground and pushing off, moor in the same creek. The sky is dark blue and black all around the horizon and the rays of the setting sun set to turn all the grasses golden. There are a dozen elephant grazing about the shoreline. They stand huge and black and contrast against the dead white trees. It is as primordial sight that one is ever likely to see or see again. As the dusk falls the elephants make their way inland, across the flood plain, towards higher ground and the forest.

Friday, 19th September, 1997
Sailing close hauled to the wind on a tack eastwards making for Sampa Karuma. Cast off early and motored out of the inlet. A short tack on the outside to clear the trees. Clear day and a fair breeze. Some swells but no breaking waves. Just sailing east. The Matusadona shrouded in haze to starboard. Yellow line of the shore, fuzz of green and then the mountains in the distance. Keith is eating biscuits and drinking black tea. Wind lessening. Gentle sail. Roll and pitch, creak and squeak. Buffalo – about a dozen of them chewing cud on a spit of a small island in Gordon's Bay with their horns silhouetted against the sky. They look a little lean. They get up and move off as we approach. They will swim to the mainland when the grazing fails. They appear placid and harmless enough but this is a lie. Les told us about an incident near his harbour two or three years ago when he heard a commotion and gone to the rescue of a German tourist who had been severely injured by a buffalo. "He had been photographing a small herd, getting in closer all the time. Then one charged him and put the horn into his stomach and then stood over him, goring him. I got there quickly at the run and sent the dogs into them. They moved off. We got the man to hospital where he was operated. He recovered. He was lucky." We go about to avoid going aground. We cross the big water keeping Long Island on the starboard making slow way. I troll for tiger fish off the stern. Lose a lure. And so to Sampa and tie up for the night.

Saturday, 20th September,1997
Leaving Sampa we run to Kariba on a good wind from astern and with the spinnaker up. An easy and quick run and pass through the kapenta fishing fleet. We find the buoy outside the harbour and tie up. We take out all the sails and furl them.

We take an "intermediate" meal and siesta in the cool of the breeze. In the late afternoon we go into the harbour and moor alongside a motor launch which the owner Pat Jefferies is painting and refurbishing. It is very hot and sultry. Les is there to greet us and to take us up to the cottage for a shower and a cold beer in a frosty glass he has had on ice in the fridge also. We talk about our adventures. I admit to having been overboard. Les says a night or two before the dogs had been disturbed in the night and going out with them had seen a male lion and two lionesses on the nearby track in the light of the flash lamp. He had called the dogs off and the lions had gone on towards the Heights. "They come looking for the small buck which graze my lawn in the night," he said by way of explanation.

Back on board the Boa Gente for the night we hail Pat Jefferies and talk across the water between the boats. He tells a story of great interest and delight to me.
"Funny thing happened when I was going home the last time I was here. The Sunday you sailed. On the road a bit south of here I saw a baboon with two legs. Told my friends about it and they didn't believe me. Said I must have been drunk and seeing things."

How remarkable nature in the wild.

Derek Huggins.

ENGINE EXCHANGE

It is well known that mechanical works are not the sailor preferred ones. The Wharram cats (except maybe the biggest ones) are not usually designed for receiving an inboard engine because of their weight but we have here an example of a perfect work done by Nigel.

The search for a better engine solution began almost as soon as I took over Tirla three years ago. She is a modified Pahi 42, scaled up to 45 ft., of monocoque construction in ply/epoxy with reinforcings in Kevlar. She came equipped with two seven year-old outboard Yamaha 9.9s, venerable pieces of engineering in themselves, but complex and not easily repaired at sea. They were housed in elegantly fashioned pods, which could be lowered as necessary, and raised on days when the captain had the required energy, motivation and will to live. Or when so ordered by the mate.

Tirla under sail

The outboards soon displayed characteristics that prevented the optimal degree of bonding; they squabbled with each other over fuel, made too much noise, and occasionally refused to work. I suspected that they were also drinking too much, but this was difficult to prove. I had eventually to separate their supplies, despite an engineer's assurance that this was unnecessary. They seemed to behave better when he was attending to them.

I was very concerned about storing highly inflammable petrol on board. As a result of a deprived childhood I like to have plenty of fuel on a boat, and was unhappy about being a fire risk to anyone within a five-mile radius. It felt wrong to have to ask a whole town not to smoke.

All of which I could have lived with, until one day the mate raised an eyebrow and suggested that perhaps they were too noisy; from that moment their days were numbered.

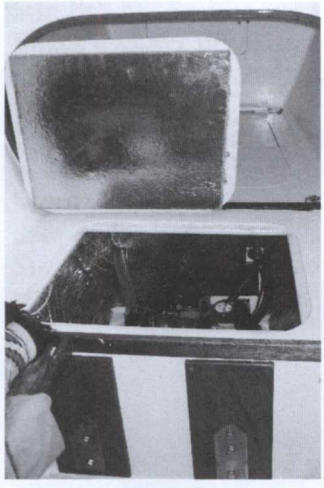
True to their cultural origins they sought to avoid the shame of demotion and replacement, and hit upon an ingenious plan to make sure that they would be neither separated

nor forgotten. While on a pleasant cruise southbound round the Peloponnese, the starboard engine took exception to working alone and exploded in a manner which left no doubt that its days were over. After being called on to take up the entire burden of propulsion, the port engine worked for an hour before expiring in an identical manner. One could only conclude that a well-planned double hara kiri had taken place, and the atmosphere was appropriately funereal. Thankfully the afternoons in the Ionian provide perfect sailing, and at noon on the dot we were able to raise sail and head back towards base. Had the dead engines been more accessible, they would have been buried at sea, but we were obliged to keep their stinking remains on board until we could dock and have them carted away. For no payment our local harbour watchman carried them off, and we never spoke of them again.

It should have been simple to decide on replacements, but it was not so. Yamaha had introduced larger heads on their 9.9s, so direct replacement would have been troublesome, wider apertures would have been needed in the undersurface of the after-bridgedeck. The new 8.8s would have fitted the existing spaces, but would have left the boat underpowered; either choice would have been too noisy to suit the mate.

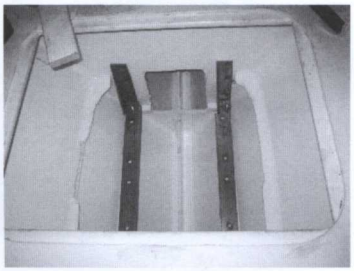
Wharram enthusiasts' websites are full of clues as to how one might progress, but a complete and perfect solution remained elusive. After a week turning over a few possibilities, I was becoming pressured by conflicting claims as to the one true way to Pahi power. I asked for six months' leave from domestic duties to think things through; the mate raised another eyebrow.

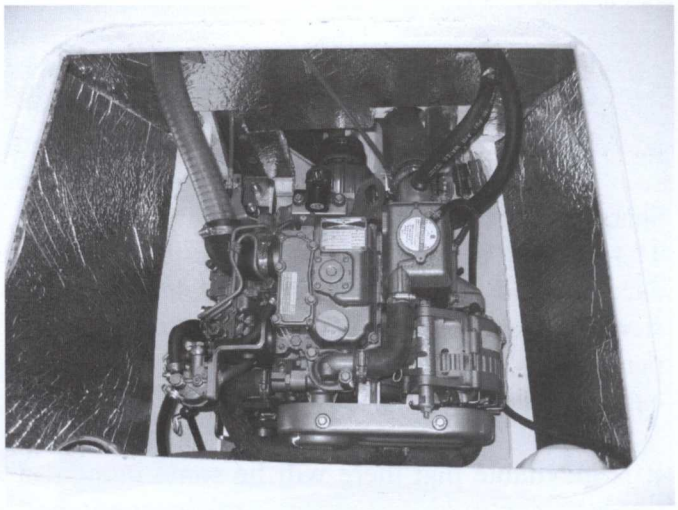
All petrol-engined solutions were rejected, and I decided that any new arrangement would feature a Yanmar inboard diesel. I had good experiences of these engines, and felt capable of understanding their ways, and maintaining them. I decided that two engines are better than one, and rejected the Sillette option. These drive legs are well engineered, but they tend to be noisy, (the mate again), and cost not far short of a second engine. Unhappily no arrangement in a Pahi would allow the use of conventional saildrives; Big Cat (Pahi 63) has two inboard diesels mounted midships with a Sillette each side of the central well, but this arrangement would have fallen foul of the mate. Various alternatives were considered, including hydraulic drives, but the weight of the fluid reservoirs was a drawback, and again this would have been a single-engine solution. Systems involving electric engines were not considered, because at the time I had no knowledge of them.



In the end a solution was found under the sleeping berths in the after ends of each hull. The lockers under the berths have sufficient space for a Yanmar 2YM15 in each. I would have preferred a pair of 3YM20s, but these would not fit; life invariably involves compromise, life afloat even more so.

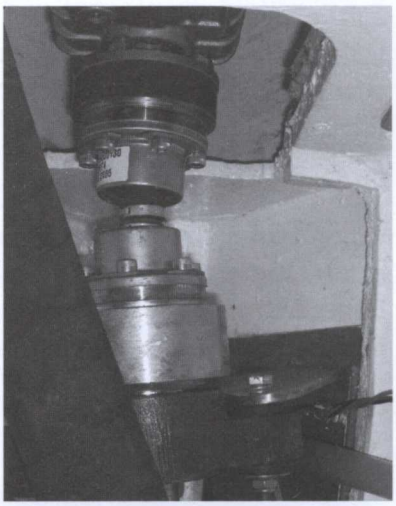
The accompanying pictures show the final installation. The engines (100Kg each) are mounted fore and aft, and the pictures show the 5mm stainless steel mounting frames slung from the locker walls after appropriate (I hope) reinforcement.



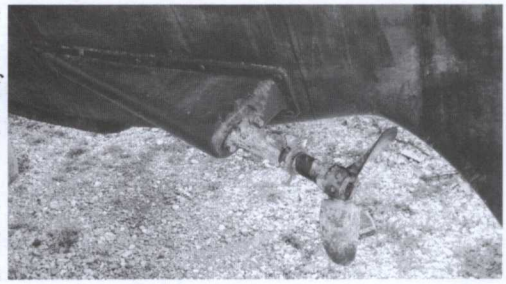


In addition it would be possible to support the frames from below if one were nervous about the ability of the locker walls to take the strain.

Aft of each engine is an Aquadrive unit. These allow the propshafts and tubes (surprisingly heavy but not actually weighed) to enter the hulls at an angle. The Pahi construction does not permit a fore and aft propeller arrangement. The Aquadrives weigh 10Kg each; they greatly reduce noise and vibration, and are, (in the view of the mate), well worth the not inconsiderable expense. The propellers are Varifold by Bruntons (14" by 7"), and next to each is a Spur ropecutter. The inboard ends of the stern tubes have to be supported and fixed to the hulls to allow the Aquadrives to do their work. I made up plywood 'mockup' brackets and had the final designs fabricated in 5mm stainless steel with backing plates outside the hull.



The most complicated task was to design and fashion the nacelles that support the outboard ends of the sterntubes, and seal off the holes in the hull through which the sterntubes



and propshafts pass. This task was beyond my competence and I was lucky to find a locally-based GRP repair expert with a talent for design and fabrication. He made foam 'mockups' and went off to produce GRP nacelles for reasonable charge and in no time at all. They fitted perfectly. The cutting of holes for the sterntubes in the nacelles, and the lining up and installation of the sterntubes and supporting brackets were all two-person jobs, and I was very fortunate to be able to call on skilled help for these.

It is inevitable that there will be some ingress of water through the inboard ends of the sterntubes, even with well designed and manufactured stuffing boxes, so I refashioned the area under the stuffing boxes to accommodate small quantities of seawater, emptied by 'always on' bilge pumps and float switches. Old-fashioned stuffing boxes were installed; it is possible to buy newer designs which use rubber seals and are leakproof. However, the seals wear, may not wear evenly, and once foreign material gets under a seal, leakage is inevitable, and the seals have to be changed. This is impossible to do with the boat in the water.

The rest of the installation was straightforward. I was advised to install anti-siphon breaks in the engine water cooling circuits, and I also put in large exhaust water traps, goosenecks and mufflers. Incoming water strainers allow the

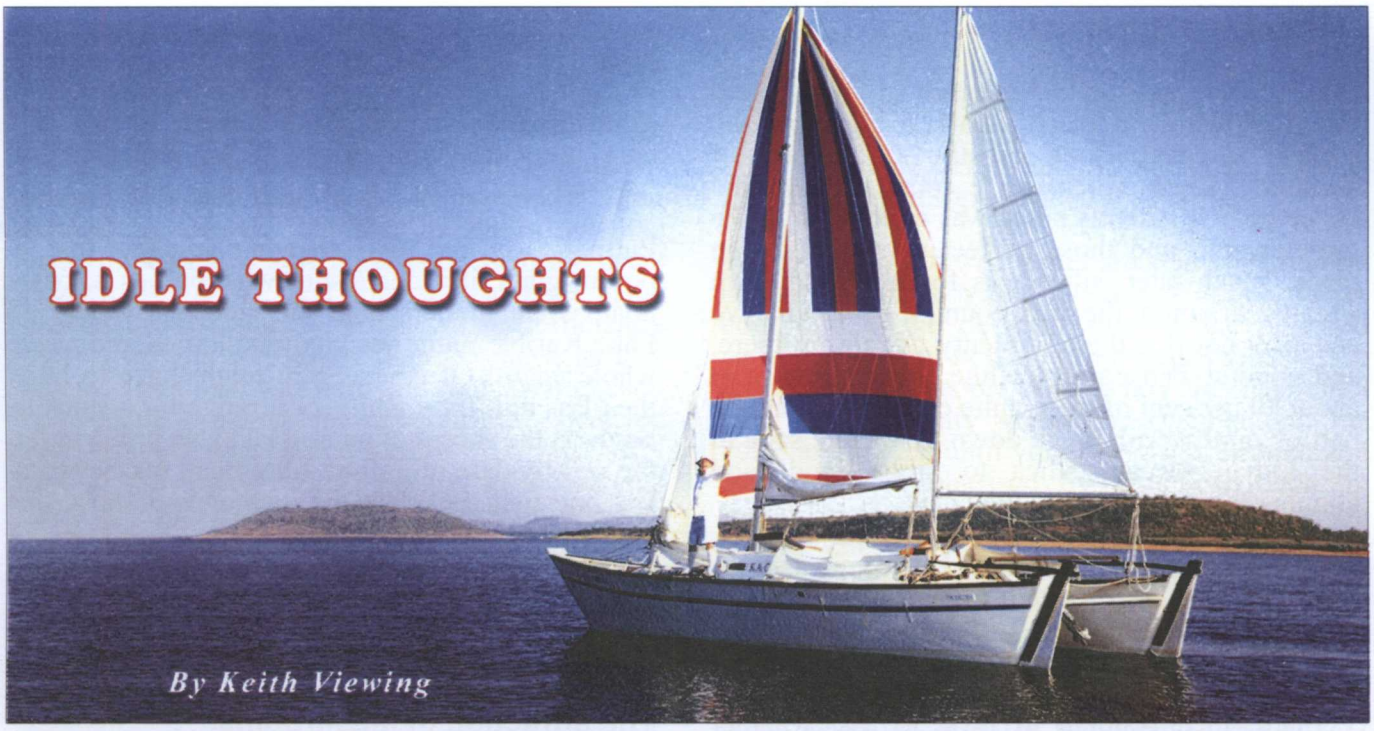
engines to be run ashore, and these are convenient points to place a water hose without putting inappropriate pressure on the water pump impellors. Apparently it is possible for normal hose pressure, when applied directly, to bypass the impellor blades and force water into the engines. I felt that the supply of fresh air under the berths might be restricted, and I was unwilling to increase it, as this would inevitably have allowed noise to escape. Instead I took the engine air intakes off and ran them aft to the aftermost lockers. The aft locker installation of exhaust muffler, gooseneck, and engine air intake is pictured. As a precaution I fitted solar driven vents in the locker lids to ensure a good supply of fresh air to the engines.

I was concerned about altering the balance of the boat; it now sits fractionally lower in the water, but with spare fuel stowed forward in cans in a separate locker at the base of the foremast, instead of on the after deck, the trim is unchanged. The resulting performance under power has been certainly worth the expense and probably the effort. The engines are almost silent when running, the folded props exert very little drag under sail, and power output is adequate. In a calm sea, full revs (3600rpm) give 7 knots, 3000 rpm give 6.5 knots on two engines, and 5 knots on one. Unless ammeter output from both is required, it is usual to run just one engine in calm weather, giving a silent and vibration-free 5 knots. Fuel consumption at this setting is 1.5 l/hr. The engines have now run 100 hours each, and the berths haven't collapsed.

Most surprisingly of all, performance under sail is unchanged.

The whole process took a long time. I didn't count the hours (or weeks), and I didn't add up the costs. The mate didn't ask, and no eyebrows have been raised.

(Nigel Beresford)



IDLE THOUGHTS IN AN IDLE HOUR, OR TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS FIVE.

The return of the natives.

We were away in Europe for a long time and upon return it was clear that termites had worked their wicked will, but there are advantages in adversity! The torch flickered above the fallen panel of the ceiling to reveal the ravages of the hungry, but resting over the void was a roll of glass fibre completely untouched. Now there was yet another proof for enthusiasts of the navigable tub. Termites are a far cry from teredo, but in the middle of Southern Africa, a large notice at Speck's Hotel proclaimed that 'All rooms face the sea'! No problem there, for termites and teredo are accepted as one. Their effect is much the same in wood, gurgle-gurgle, but you could sheath the bottom of your boat in lead, Elizabethan style, Muntz metal as on the Cutty Sark, or get up to date with glass!

So glass fibre in the roof was confirmed as a very practical solution, but difficult to learn about glass technology. Just try to enter the Museum of Roman Glass in Cologne, or were the curators shy about St.Ursula and her Eleven Thousand Virgins who never lived to tell the tale? The website of the Institute of Glass Technology was equally unrewarding, but mediaeval Venetian glass was said to be attacked by moisture, and what were the facts? A glance through 30 different recipes for glass of different colours revealed a huge range in the proportions of dolomite and lime from less than a 0-5 per cent to 11 percent. Yet the glass people said that lime was needed to prevent dissolution in water, and too much magnesium in dolomite made the melt so viscous that it could not be formed. And there are problems of quality control in those natural raw materials. Tricky, but like the navigator, best to keep the knowledge a mystery.

Wharrams wood.

James Wharram's first catamaran was ridden by teredo when she reached Trinidad, but helped by Bernard Moitessier and Henri Wakelam, famous deep water sailors of the time, James designed and built No 2 catamaran. That was sailed to New York and then back over the Atlantic to England. Bravo for James and bravo for the girls, hero and heroines all, in another wooden boat.

We had built the third design in wood, the Tangaroa 35 ft ketch developed from their Atlantic circuit and experience of the time. Boa Gente was launched on Lake Kariba, Zimbabwe, in August 1988, kind permission of Cap'n Les.Tempest and Daphne, but neither would try a sail! However, James and Hanneke had sailed her, and on John Skinner's Halcyon, a 26 ft Tane, November 1992, when the Tiki 30 charter fleet was conceived on Lake Kariba.

Much was said about wood when the benefits of glass-fibre were introduced, but when Boa Gente was begun there were vague memories only of Cascamite from 50 years ago; something about casein derived from cow's milk, and coffee would never taste the same. Urea formaldehyde was another antique product that worked well on wood, but others preferred good old hooves in a cast iron boiling pot, ready to dissolve at any time. The West System of epoxy seemed a good idea in 1975 and so we used Trinidad products in Zimbabwe the closest approximation.

Well, the name was the same, and the glue was flexible, too!

Rock crystal for boats .

But 50 years ago perfect crystals of quartz were found growing, in place, about 2 m below the surface of deep soils on the Copperbelt of Zambia! "Aaarh, where do 'e come from, where do 'ee go?" Evidently silica was in solution in the groundwater, and those perfect crystals grew in place. Much later, silica was found dissolved in streams draining the hill country of Zimbabwe and why not, for there is plenty of rain up there, and granite! Those milky white crystals that form about 80 per cent of the granite country (about one half of Zimbabwe), break down to liberate soda to the Indian Ocean, silica to silica sand, and alumina that stays put as white clay.

And if you skirted an arid and dried up lake in Australia, you were certain to find lots of quartz crystals growing happily on the shore. Perhaps it was this idea that caused the Royal Society of London to finance an expedition to Sir Phillip Vernatti, then resident in Java, to ask 'whether diamonds grew again, once they had been dug up?'

And if you doubted that, consider the fossil silicified wood to be found on some pebbly bank on Lake Kariba, or as thin slices intended as coasters in tourist shops. Then you wondered about the modern silicified stumps that fringe the shore and how these were formed, the stuff of nightmares and well able to pierce your hull on a stormy night or unwatchful day.

None of this had exercised the mind 20 years ago when both hulls of Boa Gente were complete, but there was one scary night in a Flying Dutchman about 60 miles down the Lake when the imagination of a pitch black night became real. The dawn was barely discernable on a horizon of seething water when the danger to a wooden boat was evident. The crew of dad and young son had drifted to the edge of the submerged forest and were very lucky not be impaled by latter day silicified wood.

Doubts for Thomas.

But there were doubts as we gazed at the early glass-fibre boats; for how long would these survive in warm soda rich sea water? After all, water glass was a solution of silica and soda, used in soap and for preserving eggs, and even the text books defined glass as a liquid. Did boat pox result from dissolution around an air bubble to create an access and then the capillary effect assisted passage through unsaturated bundles of glass-fibre?

The polymer used to reinforce glass fibre 20 years ago was affected by the pervasive destruction of the long chain molecules by hydrolysis (water, to me). Voids were created that absorbed yet more water, but the effect on the glass strands seemed negligible, if at all. Eventually the remedy was to grind off the damage, make a fresh surface and coat the GRP with epoxy, U.V. protected, of course.

Putting two and two together implied that a porous glass fibre and a somewhat porous wooden boat, when immersed in the siliceous waters of Lake Kariba might become re-silicified and made whole again! Of course, you might have to bury the glass hull for a while, or arrange for a suitable berth on the shores of an arid lake. No problem for the sell-by-date of a glass fibre boat, but better to test one first. For, like the diamonds of Java, the magic might just not happen.

But imagine the life-expectancy and the sales advantage of a boat well able to withstand the piercing jaggedness of those silicifed stumps!

The attraction of Mushrooms.

But for the wooden boat! There was a problem of mushrooms, said by some keen observers to flourish in the damp and dark interstices of a double bottom. The spores could be a financial advantage for these are imported using hard currency; shame, but win and loose together. Just imagine all of those free carbon atoms in the rotting wood-fibres, double-bonded and negatively charged!
Eager now to link with such free silicon and oxygen ions as floated past. Ooooh! No wonder that the restoration of wooden boats raises (doubtful?) passions in the breasts of those involved!

Now there was fleeting consideration of an immersed Boa Gente with her plywood skin silently absorbing silica to become a displacement, silicified, boat! No pipe dream that, for at the celebration of antique boats at Douarnenez 2000 in Brittany, an enthusiast had drifted past in a hollowed out lump of black granite (dolerite to me) complete with sail and oars. The Stone Age lives again!

A solution for eternity!

Many wooden cruisers of about 30 years ago were preserved by the Cascover patented sheathing process. You simply covered the bare hull with nylon cloth soaked in a resin, probably resorcinol glue, let it set under controlled conditions, and sanded smooth. Good for the rich and famous, and good enough for us and full of enthusiasm we bought roll of nylon cloth and lots of resorcinol, and found a pair of helpers skilled in the art, they said. Progress was rapid, it had to be, for 144 ft, (more impressive than 44 m) of hull was to be covered. No problem until a check revealed that

short cuts were taken in the preparation of the glue, Africa style, and the whole mess had to be removed. That took an entire year to put right.
But the Boa Gente solution of 1986 was to seal the plywood hulls with Trinipon, from Trinidad of course, best red iron oxide Epoxy body filler, applied by trowel. Trinidad in Zimbabwe had made a rather less stiff concoction than the usual (known as 14/14), and this was applied using plaster trowels, quickly, smoothly and efficiently by two experts who knew their business, as in a dream. The finish was hard and five coats of two-components polyurethane covered the sunset red to a surface that has lasted well.
Not so the epoxy varnish applied to the elegant iroko gunwale caps that fairly gleamed in the sun, for less than three whole weeks.
The decks, cabin tops, and the rudders were a separate problem. These were covered using the remainder of the nylon cloth and clear epoxy glue. Epoxy shrinks as it becomes viscous and the cloth becomes taught and tends to lift from the surface. The solution is to cut plywood battens from scrap, and to tack these down on plastic strips that isolate the sticky surface. Occasional bubbles were injected at the time, but a few that lifted years afterwards, were chopped away and filled with the red epoxy 14.

Who asked that question?

The question remains. For how long will the ply skin of Boa Gente be secure in that harsh environment? She was covered by shade cloth for 17 years and the inner faces of the hulls and the deck slats that cover one half of the total length give more protection as the sun moves over his zenith.. An off-cut of that plywood remains exposed to the weather, but not to direct rain, and for all of 30 years seems unaffected.

The only serious problems to date were about three years ago when rot had penetrated the exposed (west) ends of two cross beams, and the top of another.
These beams were laminated by resorcinol glue, but the end grain was not protected by epoxy filler, or by nylon cloth; only by the ubiquitous application of anti-rot and copious polyurethane. The rot was sawn out and new wood spliced by professionals whose best efforts reminded me of a quotation from the classics: 'What the eye don't see, the 'eart don't grieve, m'dear'. Those splices were replaced by iroko glued, screwed and plugged.

The deck slats of 35 x 75 mm rift sawn Oregon pine (grain to the top), were protected only by linseed oil and needed attention. All 22 slats were planed to remove the whiskers, two or three scarfed, and then re- treated with linseed oil. Two-part polyurethane on the deck could be a fast-track to crocodiles.

The mast steps of English oak were of two laminations, 6 x 2 inches, and warped by the stress between adjacent beams. These are replaced by Zimbabwe teak that is, or was, available, but from experience elsewhere in the boat, iroko is less dense and a superb wood for Kariba.

'Peace IV', a 46 ft Tiki under amateur construction in England some years ago had to be partly re-built due to the de-lamination of the plywood veneers, the very best on offer, and BS 1088 (see article in Sea People 47). When the resorcinol glue is not evenly spread in manufacture, the voids are hidden until your saw races through and the fact is emphasised by a hollow booming sound. No problem for us at the time, but you should check your ply at source and before delivery too.

Dug-outs are not so bad.

There was some discussion concerning concrete boats when the sails for Boa Gente were bought and we were more or less committed to build a wooden boat. One wag mentioned the simple pleasures of youth, for example to skim pebbles over the village duck pond. Cheers from all as flattish pebbles could skip over the water for at least five times, but "Sadly (he said), the pebbles always sank".

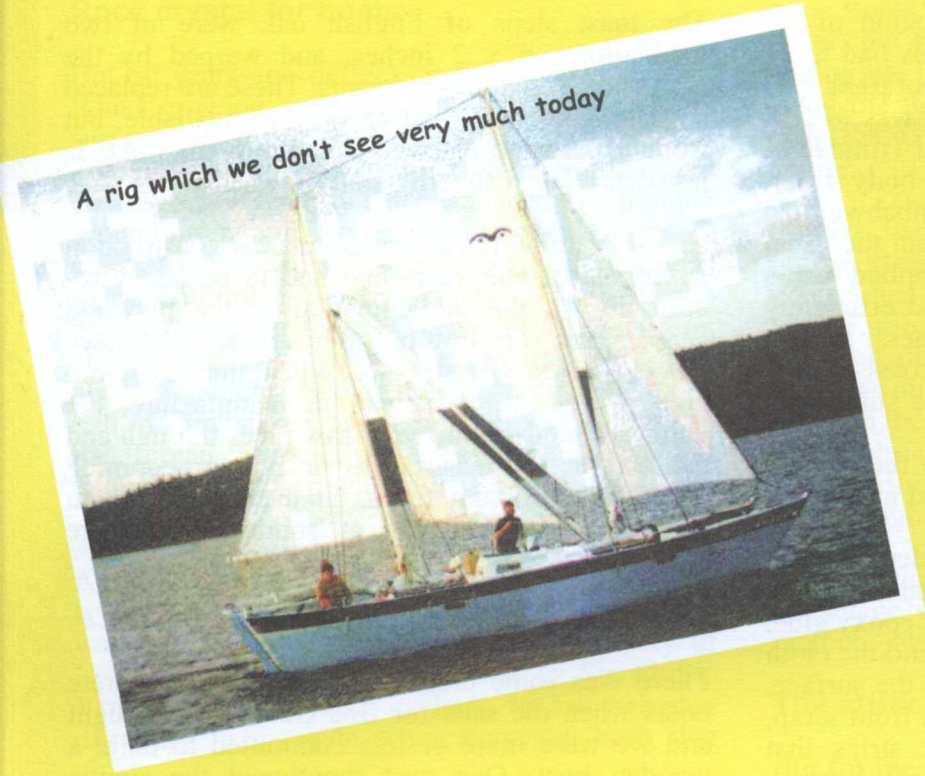
But the real advantage of the hollow tree-trunk was not fully understood until we saw that amazing and dreadful video of the tsunamis that had devastated Phuket Island in 2005. The Sea People magazine had published a series of twelve consecutive frames that illustrated a Tiki riding to the foam. At first she was broadside to the advancing swell, then lifted upon the face of the wall of breaking surf and heeled to about thirty degrees. The decks were awash and then she rolled off the back and was safe and sound.

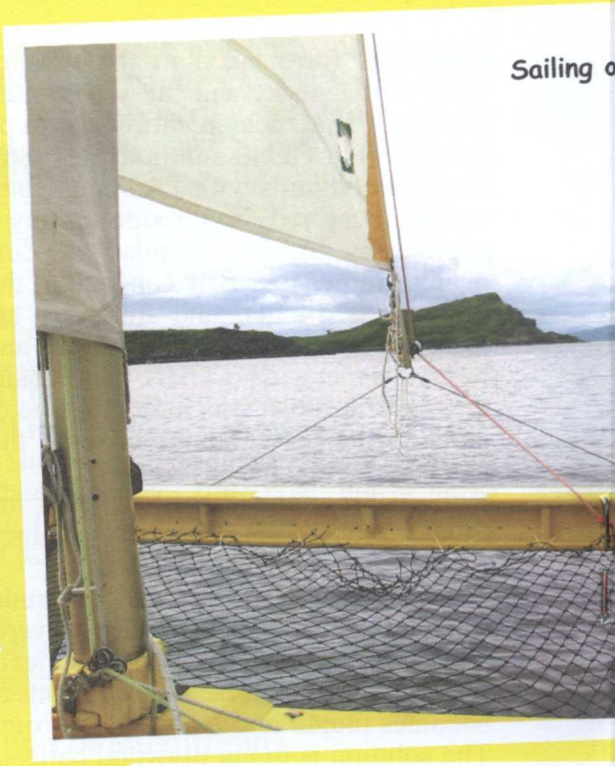
As some peasant had said of Boa Gente, 'not bad for a floating landing stage' and proof of the Polynesian design that was advanced so long ago. A slatted deck between the hulls offers little resistance to an advancing wave.

Moral

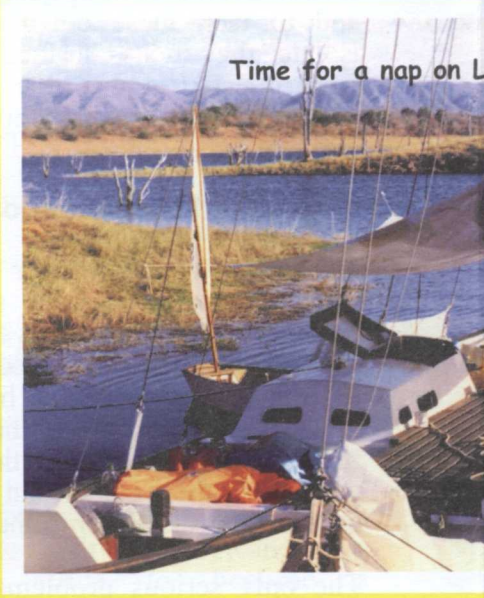
And, whether building in glass-fibre or wood, make certain that your interface between the hull and water, fresh or saline, is protected by epoxy (filler preferred) and paint that is UV protected.

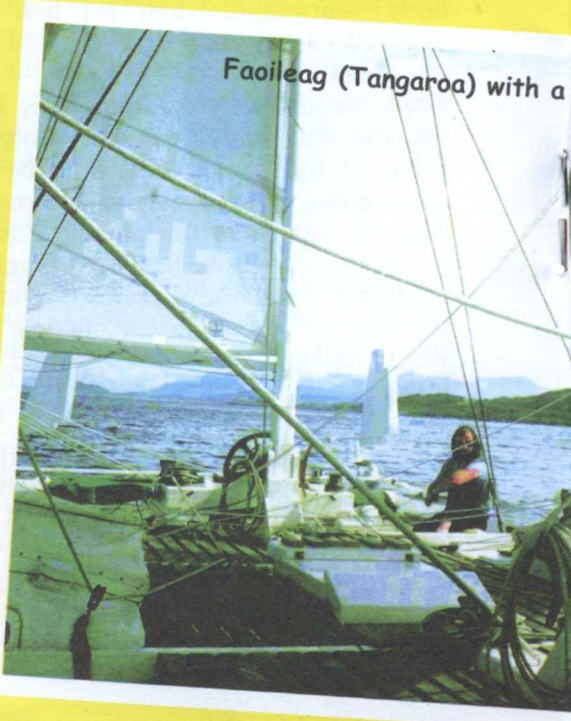
Keith Viewing


A rig which we don't see very much today


Sailing

When the polycats meet together
Tiki Ni

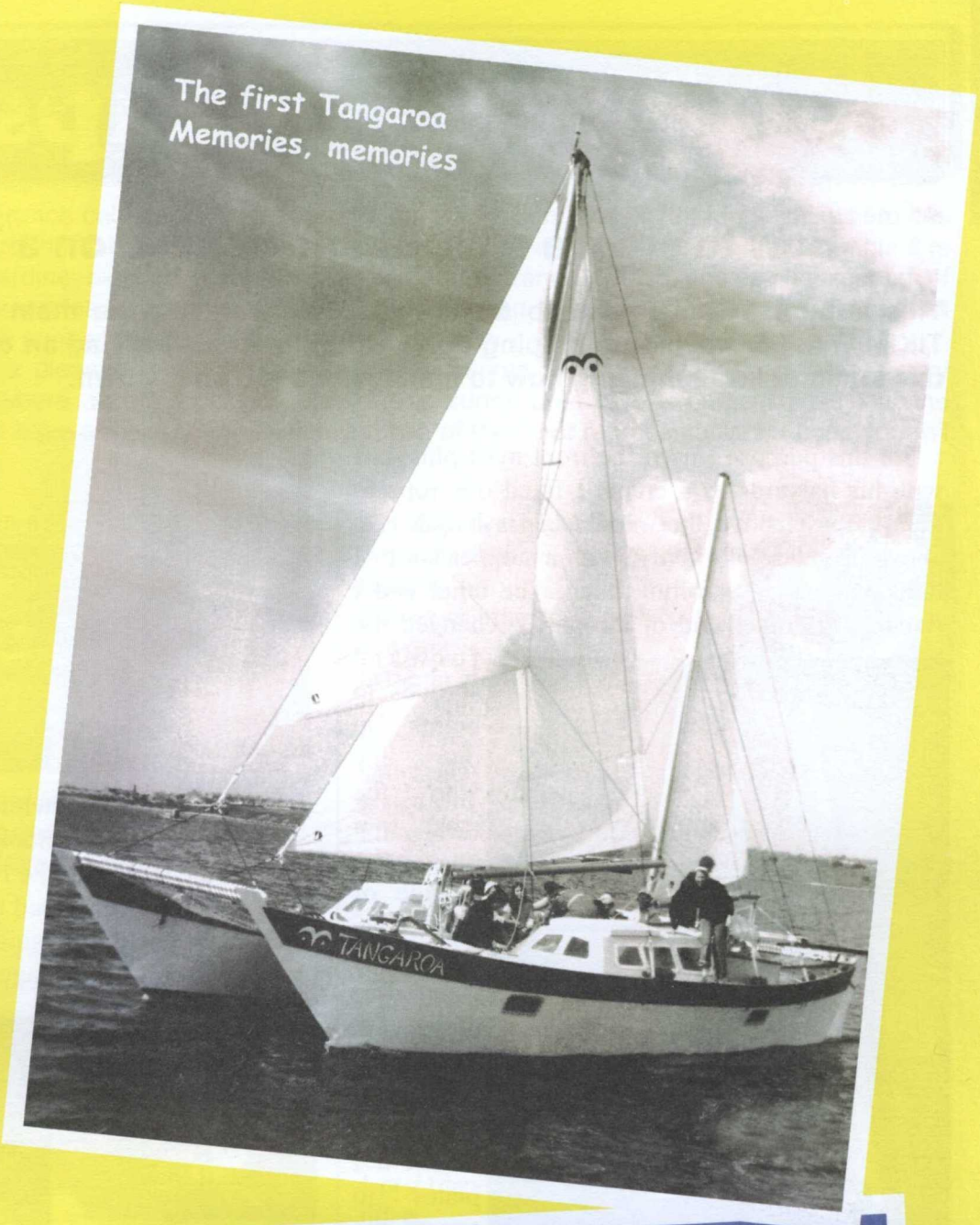

Time for a nap on

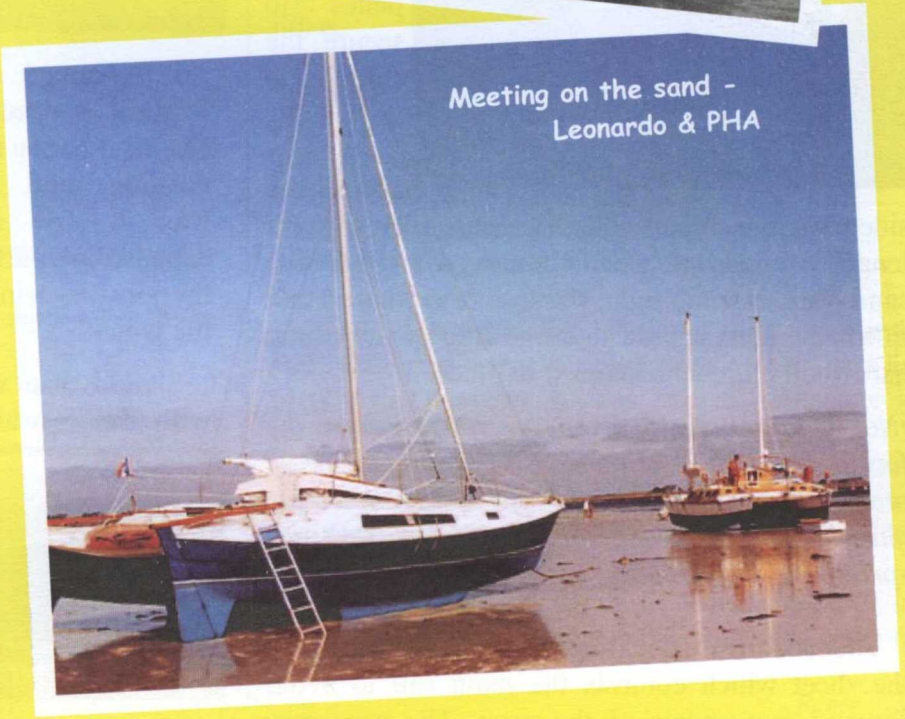

Faoileag (Tangaroa) with a

on the Scottish Lochs

Lake Kariba

jun main sail


The first Tangaroa
Memories, memories
TANGAROA


Meeting on the sand -
Leonardo & PHA

Hints & Tips

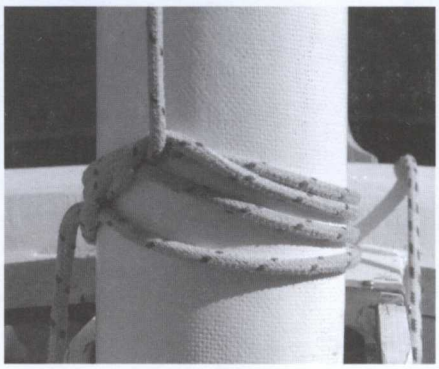
How to erect a mast single handed on a TIKI 38...

This autumn I was forced to do some repair work on the main mast of my TIKI 38 TIKIMATA. For having no helping hand around and having had an operation on my back this summer I was thinking how to manage this job on my own.

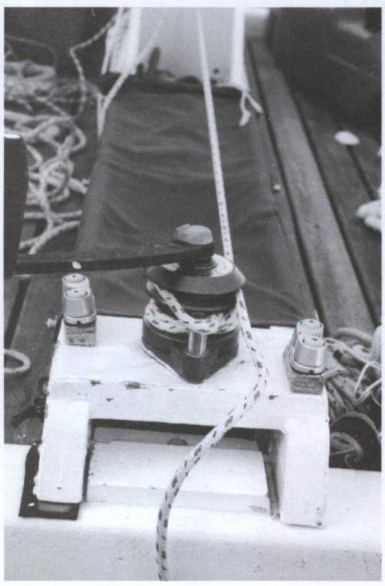
For this purpose I used the front mast plus gaff with his halyards as a crane. I fixed one rope to the aft mast above the middle of its length (i.e. above its centre of gravity) with a stopper knot - I think you call it a rolling hitch. The other end I fixed to the outer end of the gaff – changed the forward shrouds to points in one line with the mast foot on the outside of the hulls. For this purpose there are already mounted small metal plates to secure the shrouds to the hulls. This avoids sideway movements of the mast. The correct length I found out, when I removed the mast the same way. Not too tight, because in my case I had to lift the mast a little to come free of the centre hardwood plug, who keeps it in place.

(Not to forget: I also fixed one rope close to the fork of the gaff to guide the end of the gaff down or to fix it in a position roughly rectangular to the mast. Otherwise it may happen that the fork end springs up under load...)

The halyards of the main mast I connected with the sheet which controls the main sail to avoid forward movements of the mast. The necessary length I also got at the occasion of laying the mast.



Afterwards I started to winch up the gaff step by step, lifting the mast from its horizontal position on deck while controlling that the shrouds don't get hooked somewhere. I also guided the gaff with the rope which holds it down step by step. I continued till the mast was hanging free, high enough to guide his foot into the mast step. Maybe at this stage you have to loosen the sheet, to allow the mast to lean a bit forward. I lowered the mast to rest in its correct position, and pulled it back with the sheet.



I changed the forward shrouds to their original position and that was it. The most exhausting part of the job was winding the winch!

Should also work with the forward mast, it only has to be laid forward.

Meinhard Koch, Tiki 38 TIKIMATA.

FROM THE STARBOARD HULL

In the southern part of France called Provence, there is an area around the city of Marseille, where it is said that the people have the habit to speak loudly with confidence and a vivid style. For example it is said that one day a sardine blocked the Marseille harbour entrance (which one is the second of France...). The one who relates to you this old story is just omitting to inform you that the Sardine was the name of a boat which sunk at the beginning of the 20th century.
If the Marseille area is a pleasant place to stay for hearing some local odd stories it is also a very famous culinary place where all the local products of this sunny area give a particular taste to the recipes. Amongst them I have chosen to share with you two of the most representatives. I hope you will enjoy them.

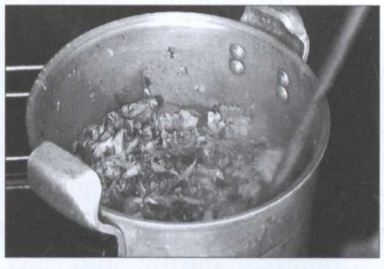
"Mamie Jeannette" Fish soup.

This fish soup is usually made with three different local fishes which usually are the Red Mullet, the Sea Bream and the Conger but you can cook it with almost all the fish species that you can also catch by yourself at the mooring except the flat ones (sole, ray).
The ingredients are very cheap and easy to find:

Three different fish species.
2 or 3 big onions and 4 cloves of garlic.
1 litre of tomato sauce (better if it is an home made one).

About ½ litre of dry white wine.
Water.
1 cup of olive oil.
Bunch of mixed herbs (thyme, bay leaf, rosemary)
Salt & pepper.

First slice the onions and squash the cloves of garlic.
In a stewpan (or a pressure cooker) over a brisk heat brown them in the cup of olive oil.
Then add the fishes cut in big pieces.
Reduce the heat and add the white wine, the tomato sauce and the mixed herbs.
Add a quantity of water up to the upper level of the fishes.
Stir the mix over a gently heat until it bubbles and until the fishes are well done and smashed to pieces.



Take off the pan from the heat and put the soup through the food mill (the work could be done with an electric mixer but that don't gives the same final taste).

Put again over a slow heat until the soup bubbles gently and take off.
Season at your taste with salt and pepper.
Serve in a soup dish or a bowl where you have put in the bottom some croutons you have rubbed with garlic (the best is to add a spoon of garlic mayonnaise in the dish). Finally add some grated Gruyere cheese.
Enjoy it with a fresh glass of those white wines or rosé of Provence.

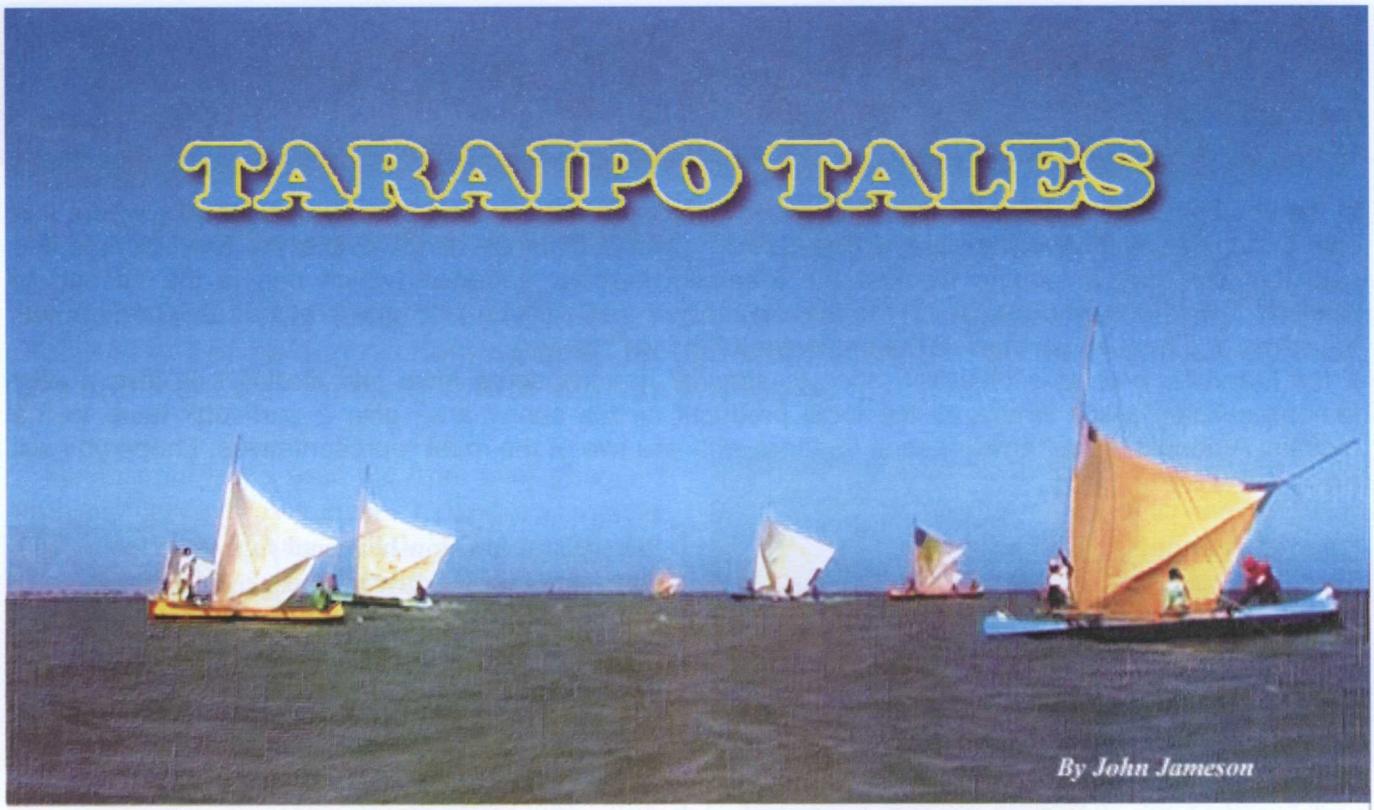
Bon appetit!

Anchovy paste.

You can serve this second recipe at the cocktail hour.
To make it you need a mortar and a pestle.
Ingredients:
1 big onion.
½ clove of garlic.
About a cup of olives (black ones).
1 or 2 (depends of what taste you like) tins of anchovy fillets.
Olive oil.

First cut the onion in pieces, squash the garlic and stone the olives.
In the mortar put the onion, the garlic and the olives.
Crush them to paste with the pestle.
Add the anchovy fillets (without the tin oil).
Crush again with the pestle.
Then add slowly the olive oil as you stir the mix until you obtain a granular paste that must have a mayonnaise consistency (it is said that the paste is ready when the pestle can stand straight in).
Serve as cocktail snacks on pieces of toasted bread with a fresh rosé wine of Provence or a liqueur wine or also with one of those Mediterranean anisettes like *Pastis, Pernod* or *Ricard*. Cheers!
There is a variant of this paste named *Tapenade* in which is added some capers to the onions and garlic to give a different taste.

Rémy.

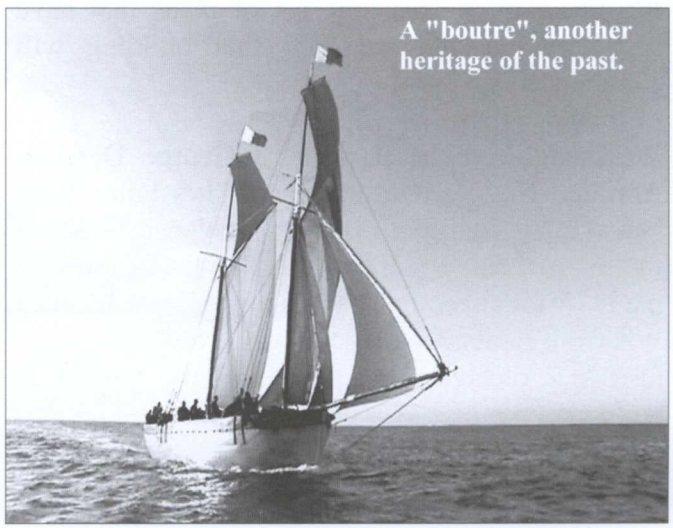


After her Pacific crossing Taraipo *(Tangaroa)* is continuing her journey across the Indian Ocean where she stopped for a time in Madagascar Island. There, she has encountered some of the latest traditional pirogues which are the inheritance of the old Polynesian migrations...

One dark night I will pop my head out of the hatch and be looking down a gun barrel, I thought, then it happened for real. On a moonless night as we were beating down the east coast of Madagascar, I sensed a shadow crossing our bows, then a heavy impact as we ploughed into the float of a fast moving pirogue with no lights trying to pass in front of us. Then there was shouting, a waving flashlight, and they disappeared at 8-10 knots. "Nicole are you ok?" "I can't find my glasses!" We are still afloat and neither of us is injured , amazingly, considering the force of the impact which broke off the laminated port stem at deck-level, squashed the forged Delta anchor, bent the stainless forebeam support and cracked the starboard stem, splitting the hull deck join, allowing serious amounts of water to leak under Nicoles bunk. After surveying for damage by torchlight we decided to head back to Majunga for repairs, not too painful a decision as is a fabulous place for sailing buffs, although we were worried about the impending cyclone season. It was just perfect; we found a pristine beach to dry-out on in front of a small fleet of twelve 2man fishing pirogues, and nearby traditional boatbuilders capable of repairing the woodwork with access to epoxy and fibreglass. We were lucky with the tides and were able to re-paint below the waterline. The villagers were slow to approach, very friendly, poor but happy. The kids moved in on us, from sunrise they would be playing games on the sand, and would set-up home for the day under Taraipo, all well disciplined by the elders (10 years old) – the girls carrying the babies on their hips like Mums. They were beautiful, smiling people, muscular and with not an ounce of fat to spare. We miss those kids and I can still here them crying "Nicole, Nicole" as we anchored off prior to leaving the next day. Head downwind, freeing the tack downhaul, to bring the yard horizontal mid-gybe, pull down the tack, and let go the sheet send a brave, muscular man forward to snare the sheet and bring it back to the helmsman. The pirogue is steered with the sail-windsurfer style – with a steering paddle to initiate turns. In twelve days were able to complete the repairs, re-assemble everything and re-paint in perfectly dry, hot weather ready for the rough ride to South Africa, a voyage that turned out to be challenging (currents and tricky winds) but very pleasant, especially the west coast of Madagascar – hundreds of square miles of flat water, 15 metres deep, with offshore winds at night (SE trades) and onshore sea breezes during the day, and thousands of

engineless sailing vessels (pirogues, boutres and gaff schooners & amp; ketchs) of all shapes and sizes plying their trade up and down the coast and offshore to the Comoros islands. I counted over 500 pirogues sailing out daily from Majunga, to fish the shallow sand banks 10 miles offshore. Pirogues come in all sizes, the one that crashed into us would have had a main hull about 35 feet (10.5m) long, 3 feet (1m) wide, with a rack rigged

to port on which 2/3 crew men would counter-balance the wind in the enormous lateen sail when on port tack, and when on starboard tack they would be perched on the solid outrigger float, when we collided. Why they ran into us we will never know, they had right of way being on starboard tack, but were invisible, we were highly visible with both masthead and a strobe light shining. Were they dozing, were they high on pot, were they trying to exorcise demons from their boat by charging at us then turning away at the last second like the Thai fishermen? We left Rodrigues island inadvertently in a gale of wind, enormous sea and poor visibility. James not allowed to do anything strenuous after his hernia operation in Hospital and Nicole suffering under the weather with anti-biotics. I had misjudged a lull in the very strenuous trade-winds, however downwind under No2 jib only is not too painful in a Wharram catamaran, we eventually finished up under spinnaker only in wobbly light airs. On arrival at the Customs dock in Mauritius were admonished by the officer and told "you cannot enter unless you have called on V.H.F radio". I replied "nevertheless we are here, our radio is broken, and we would like to check-in please!" Taraipo parked in the city centre, and I was able to find an expert joiner, who was able to laminate a new fore walkway and make 4 new hatches and fit same in 24 hours for £150. We enjoyed a lovely deck party with our Indian friends back from Rodrigues. They brought all the food, yum! We bought a new radio and headed towards the Seychelles – error! Our objective was to get nearer the Equator again for warmth and lighter breezes, but the wind was so strong that we cracked sheets and headed round the North of Madagascar, where the wind is always above 35 knots, Taraipo was tobogganing down the waves at 9.5 knots – good fun, then we ran out of wind for the remaining 200 miles to Mayotte – the worlds biggest lagoon, beautiful sailing and scenery, and civilised ashore – a great mix of African and French culture. The local women look almost comical with their yellow makeup – sun protection paste made from coral. We now face the trickiest sailing waters in the world descending the east coast of Africa on the 4.5 knot Agulhas current dodging "southerly busters" which barrel up this coast four or five times a month. Once round the Cape of Good Hope we can expect more pleasant conditions.



A "boutre", another heritage of the past.

News From Sea People

USA

Florida Wharram Rendez-vous 2006

A Great Success!

Before the report on the event, be sure to mark your calendars for next year. Same place, Hobe Sound/Peck Lake, Florida. Dates: November 30, December 1, December 2, 2007. Note that November 30th is the actual last day of hurricane season…so there will definitely be some grog passed around in remembrance of what we all hope will be a calm year.

Ann and Neville Clements hosted people throughout the weekend and Gene Perry was instrumental in not only organizing the event but by providing chauffeur service that we all needed.

"Wharramites" had a great time at the event this year. Over the course of the three days we had nearly 40 individuals looking at the boats. Four boats made it this year…Tiki 46, Narai Mk IV 42, Tangaroa 36, Tiki 26. Others were on the way but two trailer boats were foiled by land weather, one was not yet ready to sail, one grounded and then there was the inevitable work issues. All expect to make it next year.

We had a group dinner at a local restaurant on Saturday night. Twenty-five people enjoyed each other's tales of the sea and many people's building and "thinking about building" stories. We know of at least one set of plans that have been ordered and we hear that building will commence shortly.

We recognized the passing of George Defabio. Ann and Neville read the poem "It's Later Than You Think" before a moment of silence by all. It was a cherished moment. George was member of the PCA for several years and a great enthusiast of Wharram Boats. He passed away a few weeks ago just after receiving his plans and the lumber to build a Tiki 46. We will miss him as he has attended several of the meets in recent years. We are sure George is sailing somewhere where the waters are always calm and the breezes always fair. Fair winds and following seas, George.

Dan Kunz' boat *Forever Young* was dedicated with Champagne…but we never did find the five naked virgins to dance on the tramp. However, Gene Perry's hand painted shirt depicted appropriate scenery (you will have to come by next year to fully understand).

Expect to see you ALL next year.

Dan Kunz.

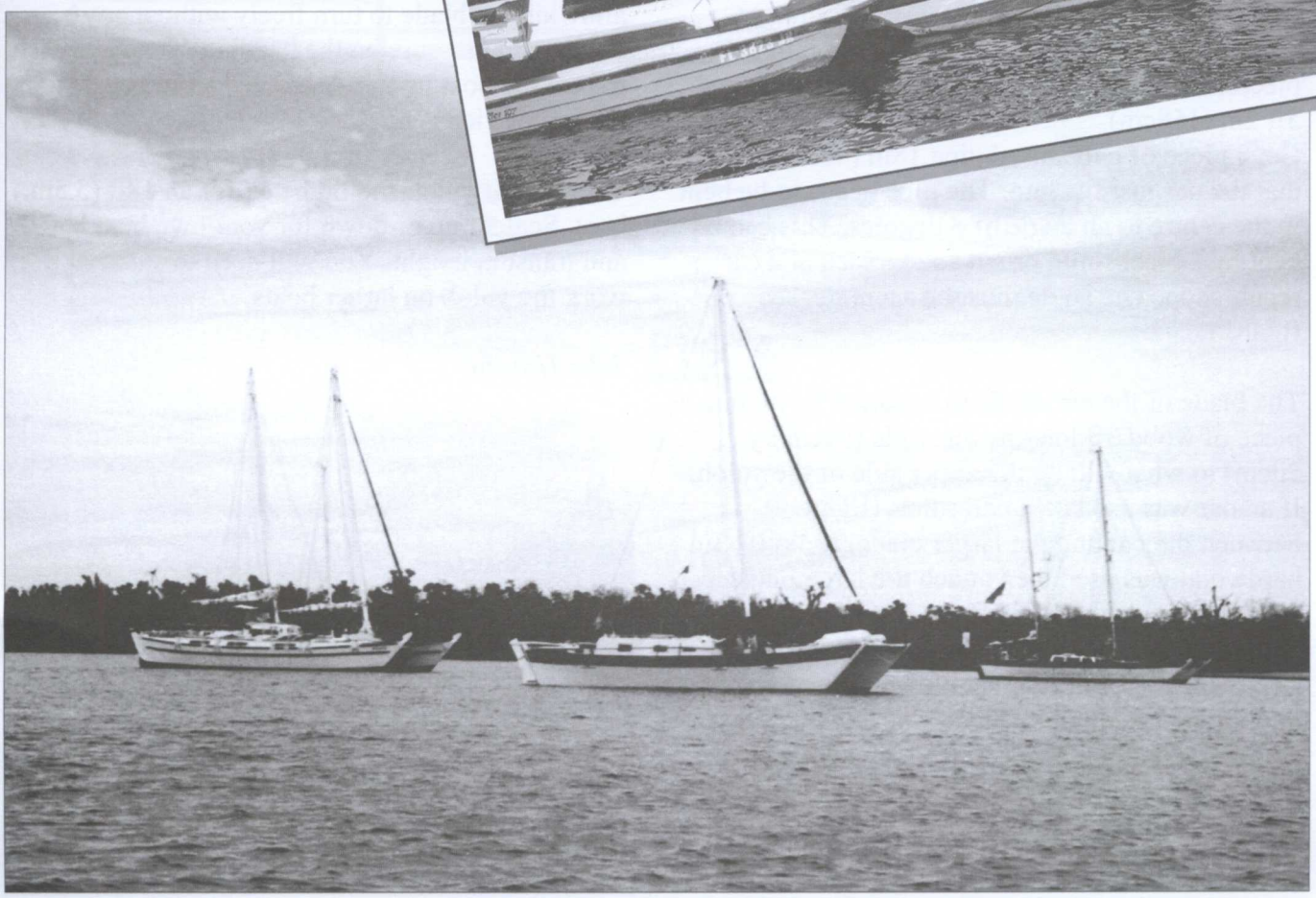
Ed: It's always pleasant to hear that a meeting has been a great success. The large smiles on the picture are the demonstration of it. I send my best wishes to you for having more people there for a greatest success next year...

Up: The Narai Mk IV "Forever Young"

Below: The Tangaroa 36 "Tekaroa"

Right: the Tiki 26 "Inseparable"

Below: The three others participants of the meeting. Looks like the great Armada ready to sail...



CHINESE YULOH

John Hornby recently made a YULOH for his one-off trimaran, "China Bird", launched at Poole Harbour this summer. He based it on an original article by C.A. Lund in Yachts and Yachting in 1955. John previously kept Tangaroa1, "South Seas" on Poole harbour and designed and built China Bird for use on the harbour, not out at sea.

An auxiliary of some kind is essential in any kind of boat. Even in a racing sailing dinghy a paddle is needed occasionally. A larger sailing boat may be equipped with a pair of oars or an engine but even the best of engines are not infallible. They often fail when most needed. Pulling a pair of oars is not an option for Wharram catamarans. Sculling is a possibility with an oar over the stern but the handle of the oar has to be pushed from side to side at the same time bearing down on it as well as using the wrist to cant the blade to an angle of 45 degrees each side. The Chinese developed the YULOH, which simplifies the whole process. The bearing down and canting are handled automatically so that only pushing and pulling is required.

A 12ft (366cm) ash oar is perhaps the best but a length of 3in by 3in (75mm x 75mm) straight-grained hard wood will do. Cut the oar into two pieces, blade end 6ft 2in (188cm) and handle end 5ft 2in (158cm).
Get a piece of galvanised pipe 18in (46cm) long that the oar just fits into. The pipe needs to be bent in the centre to an angle of 8 degrees. This can be bent by a blacksmith or cut and welded at a car repair shop. The angle must be accurate, see figure 1.

The blade of the oar needs to be larger by adding a piece of wood 3ft long by 8in wide (91cm by 20cm) to what will be the upper side of the yuloh. If an oar was used then add fillets (figure 2) between the oar and the larger blade. If 3in by 3in hardwood was used then attach the large blade to a flat surface and round off the rest of the corners.

The two parts of the oar should be pushed firmly into the pipe so that the blade is level when pointing straight astern and from above looks to be straight, see figure 3. Drill holes through the pipe and oars so that they can be screwed or bolted in place.

Figure 4 shows the side view of the assembled yuloh.

A crutch or rowlock is fitted on the aft crossbeam or transom near to the centre line. The bend of the pipe rests in this. To prevent it slipping a rope tether is attached between the lower oar and the rowlock as shown in figure 5

Another rope tether is fitted over the handle of the yuloh against a wooden stop and tied down to the cockpit floor. The purpose of this rope is to prevent the yuloh blade diving down in operation and its length should be adjusted so that the whole of the large blade is just in the water.

To use the yuloh, kneel or sit to the side facing the yuloh and just push and pull the yuloh handle allowing the blade to turn freely without any downward pressure on the handle. When you wish to turn the boat just push a little harder than pulling or vice versa.

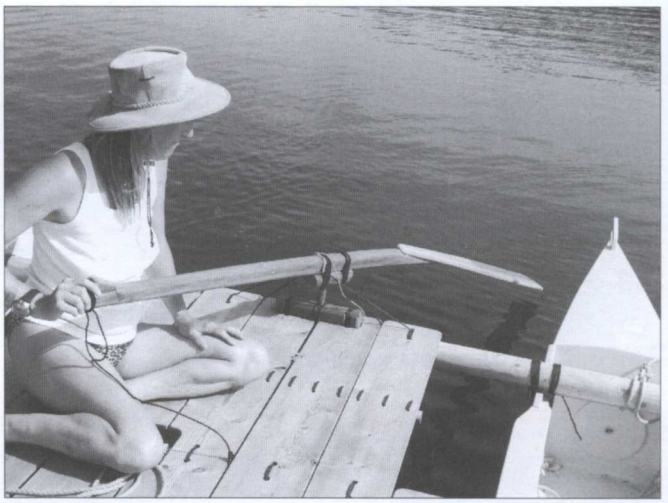
This size of yuloh should be ok for an 18ft (5.5m.) boat. Scale it up or down for your own boat length and transom height. You will need to stand to work the yuloh on larger boats.

John Hornby

The launching of China Bird

John ready to use his yuloh.

Looks can be deceptive. John tells me that he is delighted with how his yuloh performs. Hanneke told me at Beale Park 2007 that she has added a weight under the top of the blade but is still not happy. Ken Hook



Hanneke Boon using a yuloh of her own make aboard the Tahiti Wayfarer at the Beale Park Boat Show. Note the simplicity of the construction, a bit different from John's one.

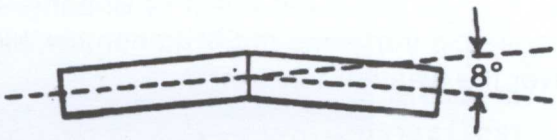


FIG. 1

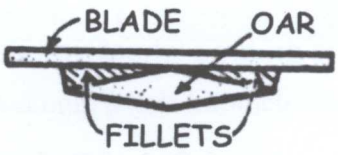


FIG. 2

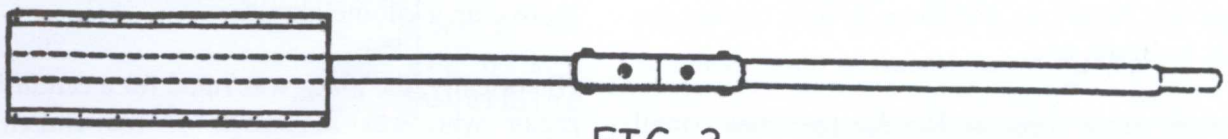


FIG. 3

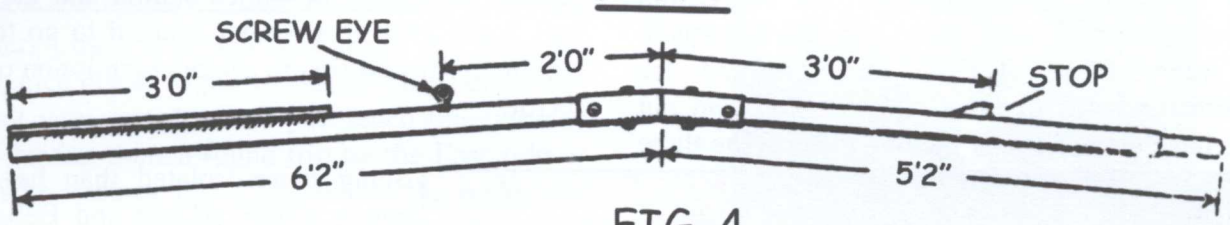


FIG. 4

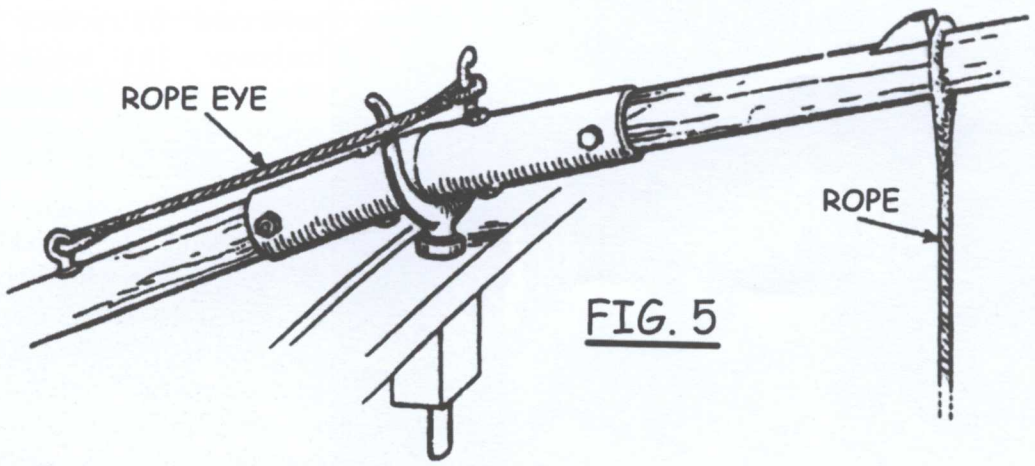
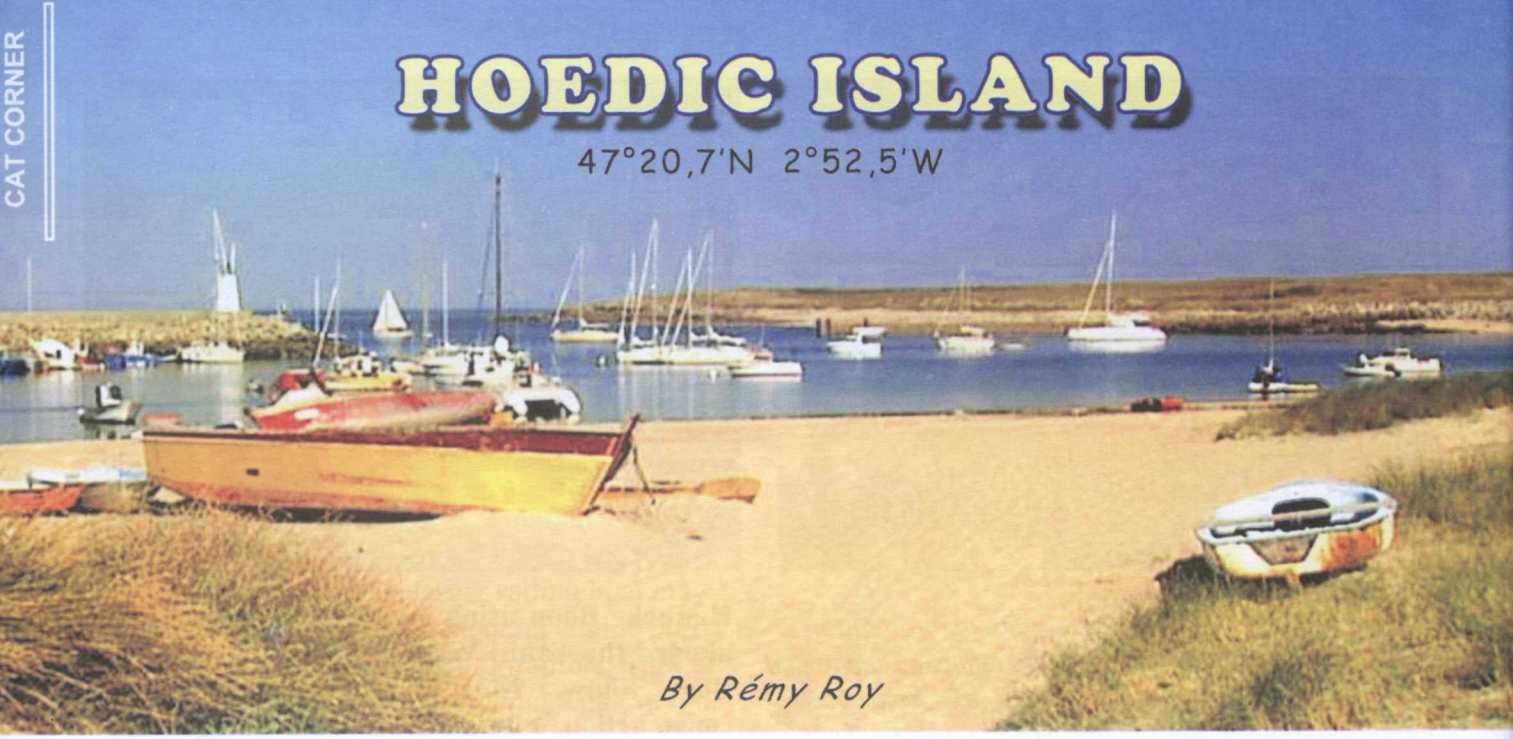


FIG. 5

HOEDIC ISLAND

47°20,7'N 2°52,5'W



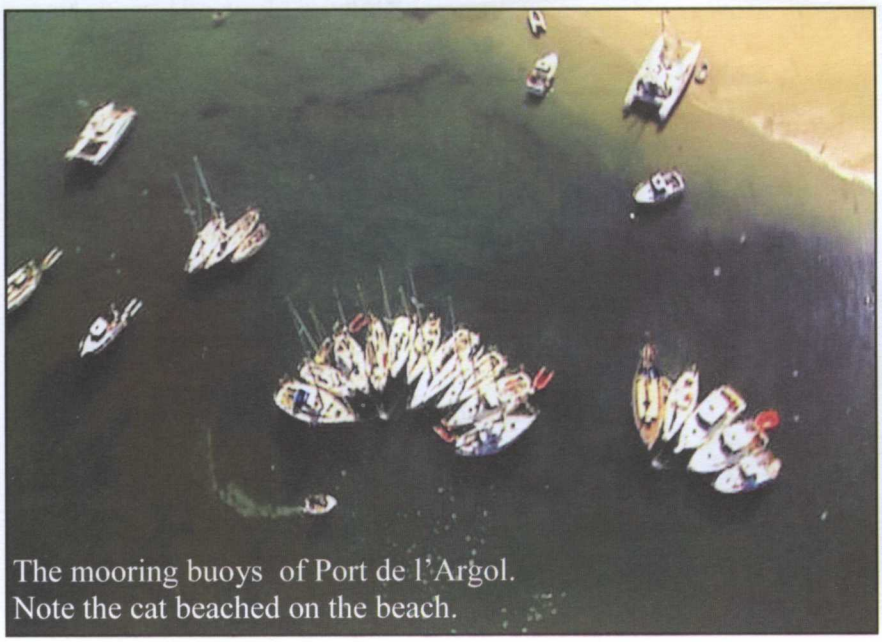
By Rémy Roy

For the sailors there are some very famous places like Cowes in Great Britain, Miami, Key West, Honolulu or Newport in the States. In France there is also a place considered as the Mecca of the French sailing world: La Trinité sur Mer on the south coast of Brittany. You can encounter there almost all the great skippers of those big trimarans or 60' monohulls. More than one town, it is an area where you can sail whatever the weather forecast is.

It is a large bay named Bay of Quiberon. Around it you find the Golfe du Morbihan (several tens of islands and rocks), Carnac (with the great lines of Megalithic Menhirs), and three islands closing the bay at its South end.

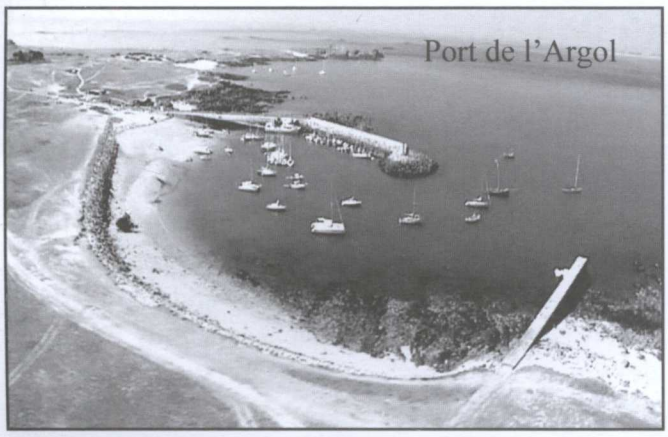
Amongst those three is Hoedic (meaning small duck in Briton local language). An old Briton legend says that the fairy have lost their crowns in the water. Most of them have formed the numerous islands of the Golfe du Morbihan but three have drifted out of the bay to form the three southern islands: Belle-Ile, Houat and Hoedic. This last one is, by far, the wildest. The island measures are about 2 kilometres long and a bit more than a kilometre wide.

Historically, the place was ruled for a century by a rector who was in charge of the church, the school, the court, the police station and the city hall. Until 1950 if a woman wanted to go to the continent she had first to ask the permission of the rector.



The mooring buoys of Port de l'Argol.
Note the cat beached on the beach.

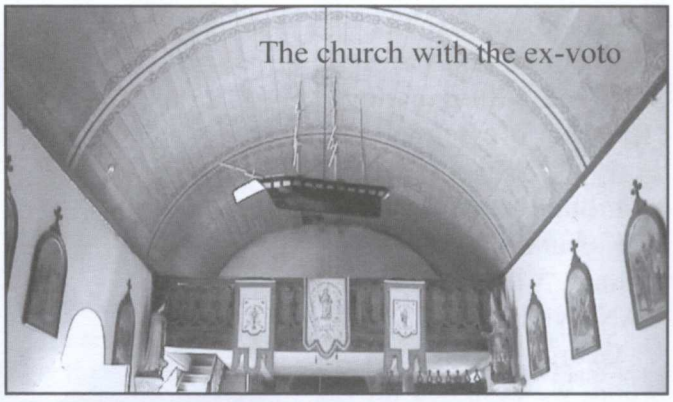
Being more isolated than her two bigger sisters (Houat and Belle-Ile) she has only two little harbours which are more two nice beaches protected by jetties than real harbours. The biggest, Port de l'Argol, on the island north shore, where the tourist shuttles arrive, have a nice beach in its shore side where you can beach easily on the bottom sand. There are also three big mooring buoys where you can moor around with other boats. It is also possible to take a place along the jetty but you must let the slip free for the shuttles. The only facilities you can find here are the toilets and



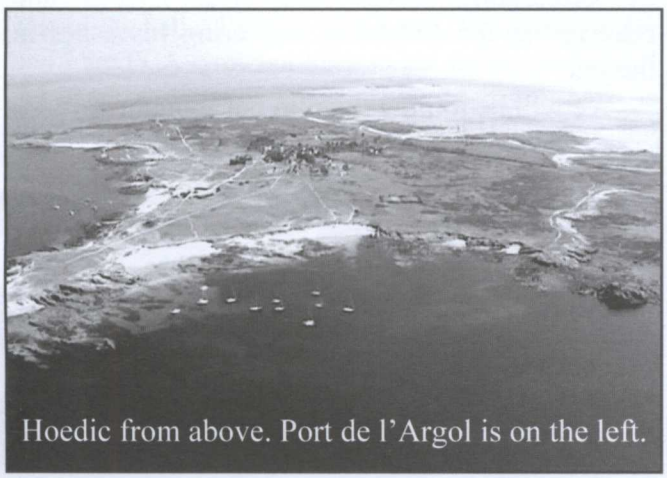
showers in the camping camp sanitary block. There are no possibilities to buy some food here but you can find several cafés and restaurants. Most of them are really not expensive and good. All are in the charming little town. Don't forget to visit the little church where you can see a nice blue coloured vault and where are also suspended in the air some maritime ex-voto.

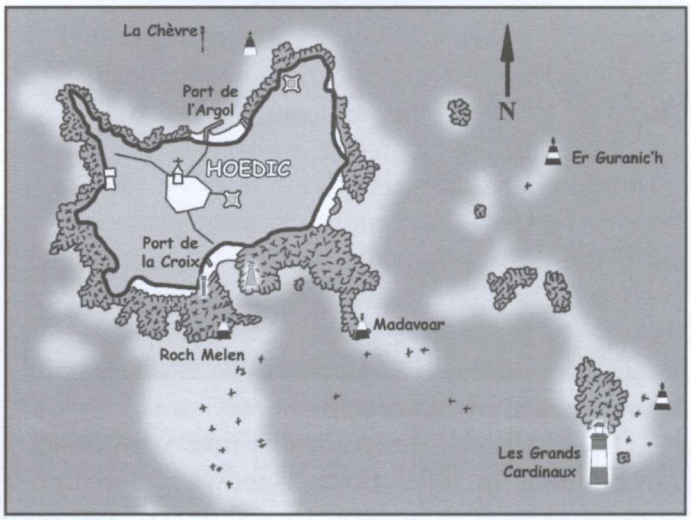
The second little harbour, the smallest, named Port la Croix is on the south shore. It is one of the most charming and nicest maritime shelters I have ever seen in Europe. But as many other nice places in the world, arriving here could be not very easy because you reach the entrance after having done a round trip by the East side or the West side of the island where the rocks and shallows are numerous and where the tidal streams could be strong. There are no facilities here but you have the choice to beach on the nice little beach in the back part or along the little jetty. The harbour dries at low, so you have to take notice of the tide times. During the summer season there are some mooring buoys placed outside of the harbour. A nice beach for swimming (could be cold) or sunbathing is situated at the eastern end.

From the harbour you can have a nice walk to discover the wildest part of the island. You can also reach the little town and its restaurants or cafés situated only a half kilometre north.



To sum up, Hoedic has her own personality. Small and flat she is offering a wild beauty. Don't believe her apparent austerity and let exercise her charm on you. Here you make the most of the smallest blade of grass; here you marvel at the


Hoedic from above. Port de l'Argol is on the left.



Thomas Firth Jones

Boatbuilder, Sailor, Multihull Enthusiast and Designer

by Ruth Wharram

I just received a sad letter from Carol, Tom Jones' wife, that Tom died on 20th October 2006, after suffering a series of small strokes.

Tom, based near Philadelphia, USA, was a great builder and sailor of Wharram Catamarans. His first catamaran was a 22' HINEMOA called 'Two Rabbits' in which he and Carol survived hurricane 'Blanche' off Bermuda in 1975. When I first met him in 1977, he had built and was sailing 'Vireo', a 28' TANENUI.

George Payne, for whom we designed the 36' RAKA in 1968, had befriended Tom and Carol in the States, and when George – after winning several races in the Bristol Channel, until multihulls were banned in these races – decided to enter an ocean race to the Azores, he invited Tom and I as navigators and some friends as crew.

It was a frustrating race – particularly for Tom who always wanted utmost efficiency, but RAKA's sails were old and had lost their shape. However, to Tom's remarks, George answered with a smile: "Tom, if I had bought new sails, I could not have afforded to enter the race."

During this race, Tom and I became friends, and next time when Tom and Carol wanted to sail to the Azores on 'Vireo' (in 1979) they asked me to join them. We encountered a strong gale on the way, but the boat behaved perfect and in spite of its small size was comfortable. Tom had, as is his want, made a few modifications to the design so the cabin space was larger than the standard.

Tom was not someone who just enjoyed a leisurely cruise; he was always busy on the boat, taking sights day and night (he was an excellent navigator), adjusting sails, making new things for the boat, doing repairs, etc. Above all, he believed that it is better to have a small, efficient boat, than a large one; he sailed 'Vireo' without an engine, using paddles when needed.

The TANENUI design at this time was drawn for building in GRP Foam Sandwich. Because Tom was a capable draftsman, we asked him if he would like to redraw the plans for building in plywood. He did this competently and all plywood TANENUIs since then have been built from his drawings.

Being at heart a builder and designer, he next built a trimaran to his own design, which he sailed with Carol to Newport, Rhode Island, to take part in the 1986 'Wooden Boat Show'. I joined them there before sailing with them down the coast to their home in Tuckahoe, Philadelphia.

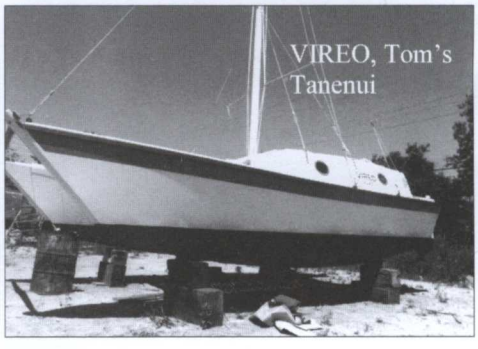
After that, our ways separated, meeting only occasionally when Tom and Carol visited the UK. We were building and then sailing our 63ft. Pahi, 'Spirit of Gaia', whilst Tom was designing, building, sailing, selling his boat plans and writing books.

'Multihull Voyaging' was one of the first, followed by 'Low Resistance Boats', 'New Plywood Boats' and a few others. He is also represented in the yearly 'The complete Guide to Boat Kits and Plans', published by the 'Boatbuilder' magazine.

He and Carol certainly shared a rich, creative and interesting life and some of it I was lucky to be able to share with them.

Carol ended her letter saying, that they would be celebrating Tom's life with friends and relatives in the Bahamas, scattering his ashes in the sea.

We will be joining them in our thoughts.



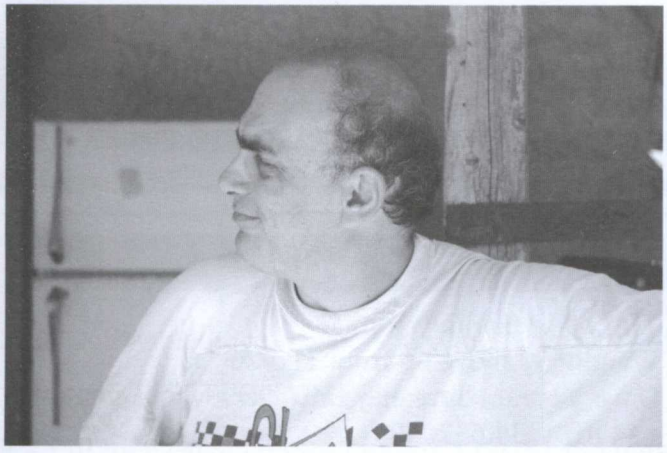
VIREO, Tom's Tanenui

LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS... LETTERS...

Do send us letters and postcards, emails, telegrams and porpoise post.
It's good to hear how things are going in your part of the world, and to share your concerns.

Dear PCA team!
I enclose some pictures from a boat in Greece, which is supposed to be launched this summer. Just by chance I met Pavlos Hadjimichalis and his project. Don't know the name yet.
Greetings from Tiki 38 TIKIMATA
(Meinhard Koch.)

Up: The construction seems to be of great quality.
Below: Pavlos Hadjimichalis, the lucky owner and builder of this nice Tiki.



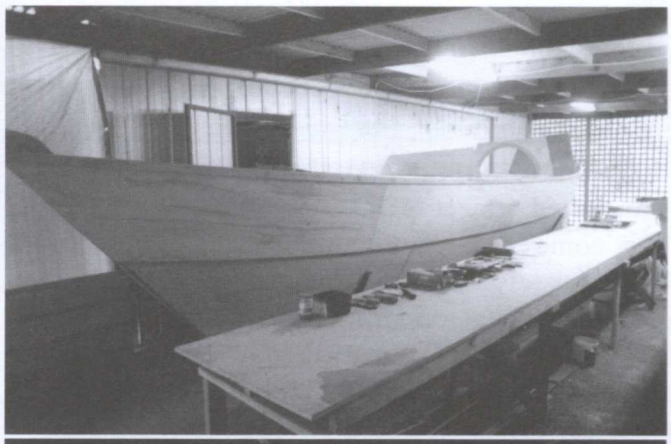
Ed: Thanks for the pictures. We hope for Pavlos' joining in the PCA members list. All my best wishes for the next launching.

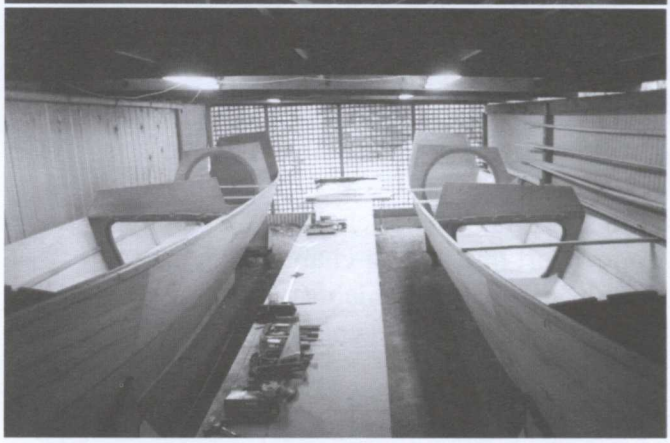
Just to say hello, I'm Elwyn Kimber. My partner Sally and I are PCA tyros but keen to get sailing on a small Wharram, preferably Tiki21, Hitia 17 if not. Sally is from North Essex and I'm from South Hampshire and we like estuaries and beaches. But we may be confined to Somerset for a while, where the most relaxing local sailing is on lakes and reservoirs, which probably means keeping a conventional dinghy besides.
I am an ex boat builder and casual sailor and haven't sailed for years (bad case of boat-fever) but I am an armchair expert on sailing of staggering erudition. I have navigated many a bar stool across the stormy main but I *can* be persuaded to shut up fairly easily.

So, the only other thing I wanted to ask was if any PCA members are interested (especially given JWD's current efforts, designing the Islander 65 and the Tikopia Project to restore two hull trading schooners to Tikopia and Anatu) in the future of the sailing-ship and its redevelopment in an increasingly carbon emission conscious world? There have been no end of fancy proposals over the last thirty years, but Wharram sailors like solid practicality, so I'd be interested to know if this is a topic dear to other PCA member's hearts. Hope to meet you on the water soon...
(J and Sally)

Ed.: I am sure there are some PCA members who share your interest in sailing-ship as an alternative to the motored ones. By the World there are still some commercial sailing ships on which we could follow the example (see p.20-21).

Dear Ken & Anita,
Here are photos of my Tiki30 building. Hope you can use them in the magazine. The light in the shed was not very good hence the dark photos. I will send some more showing mast build and upturned hulls when I develop the film.
Regards.
(Rob Sewell)





Ed: Nice to see that members are always very active and enthusiastic over the years. Hope to get some other good news of you soon. What about a paper on your building experience with the Tiki 30?

Ditty Bag Ditty Bag Ditty Bag

Free advertising in the Ditty Bag for all PCA members. Boats, Plans, or bits and pieces For Sale or Wanted. Offer or seek services as captain, crew, cook, bottle washer or bottom scrubber.

**** **Ditty Bag ads will run automatically for 2 issues** (to give other members space). If you sell, let us know and we'll pull the 2nd ad. Also please contact us if a 3rd ad is needed.*

FOR SALE

4.2m (14ft) "Aoraki" (Described in Seapeople 35)
Complete with gaff rig, alloy mast. Can be carried on 1.6m (5ft 3in) car roof bars - no trailer needed! £300 or near offer. Based in Edinburgh but could deliver as far as Lancashire / Yorkshire.
Call John Cooke on 0131 447 9157 or email John@MarwynandJohn.org.uk

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Tane 4
My *Tane LL* is now for sale with new beams, lashing like Tiki 26, more beam overall, new bridges, pod with lifting top, new cabin tops, new tillers, new raised hulldecks, etc…
Price £5215/€7950
Info: www.yspweb.net/Tane4Sale
E-mail: dihobi@web.de
Dirk Hortsmann Tel: 0049 521 23 78 15

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1 Hinemoa hull for sale.
Unfinished project, part sheated with Kevlar.
This comes complete with the plans to complete. Unfortunately for sale due to lack of time to complete. Great opportunity to get a good head start on a boat of your own for the silly price of £200.
Contact Si Belk on 01472 321753

Various used anchors for sale
In almost new condition
8kg **Brittany** (+ 4m of 10mm chain) £30
8kg **Delta** anchor £30
8mm short link anchor chain £2.50 / metre
10mm short link anchor chain £3.25 / metre
Lengths up to 30m available
Ken Hook email hook.ken@virgin.net
Tel: 01202 531445

6 inch x 27 foot aluminium mast. Made for Tiki 26 but overweight. Double sheave aft and double sheave forward integrated into spar. Professionally made by Sailspar. Rope clutches, tang backing plates and extras removed for new mast. Suitable as schooner rig for larger boat. Asking £150.00
Located N. Devon. Call Jerry Slack 01271 817477

Unused Tiki 46 plans for sale (#22) €1,950
Discussions with JWD led to decision for bigger boat.
Roland.scheule@searesort.info
Tel: +49 751 76956 Mobile: +49 171 8160270

Hitia 14 « DUO »
Complete with road trailer, gaff rig, alloy mast.
Ready to sail. £650 or near offer
I am based in the Wirral, North West UK
Please call Brian Probert on 07967 800853

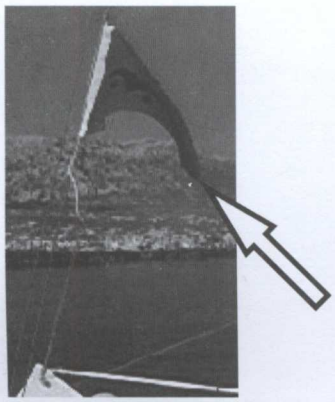
WANTED

Tiki 30 or possibly similar
Wanting to move up from Tiki 26
Dave Yettram daveandjenny@jerseymail.co.uk
+44 (0) 1534 632060

Contact with Tiki 38, considering purchasing but would like to get a bit of experience with the marque. Experienced sailors.
Caspar (& Kate) Holst, Devon, UK.
Casparholst@virgin.net

What! - nothing else for sale/barter?

Ditty bag is now available online via the PCA Forum see website for details www.pca-seapeople.org
If you want to add a picture or an add to the online ditty bag please send to pcapix@pca-seapeople.org



Support your Association
And spread good fortune

With a lucky PCA burgee and clothing too

your voyage is assured of success…….

Reading matter? Back numbers of course!

Committee member Gerald Winkler shows our Burgee in the Adriatic. That's the way to do it!

RED BURGEES, DOUBLE THICKNESS, PRINTED LOGO BOTH SIDES…….....…	£12 each + P&P
TEE-SHIRTS (short sleeves)….Sizes S to XXXL… Colours W, N, A, NB, Bk, BG, Bl, SB, S, Z, K, OG,R, Bg, DNB	£12 each + P&P
TEE-SHIRTS (long sleeves, light material).....Sizes M to XXXL.... Colours W, NB, Bk, R, DNB, GR	£13 each + P&P
TEE-SHIRTS (long sleeves, heavy material)...Sizes S to XXXL.… Colours W, NB, Bk, R, Bl, DNB, G, O	£14 each + P&P
POLOS/TENNIS (collar + buttons)……..Sizes S to XXXL… Colours W, NB, Bk, R, Bl, DNB, BG, Bg, H, O	£15 each + P&P
SWEATSHIRTS……..Sizes S to XXXL… Colours W, NB, Bk, R, Bl, DNB, BG, Bg, H, O, SB, GR, P, EG, Kg	£16 each + P&P

** **COLOURS** W = White, N = Natural, A = Ash, NB = Navy Blue, Bk = Black, BG = Bottle Green, Bl = Royal Blue, Sb = Sky Blue, S = Sunflower, Z = Zinc, K = Khaki, OG = Olive Green, R = Red, Bg = Burgundy, DNB = Deep Navy Blue, G = Gold, GR = Grey, O = Orange, H = Heather, P = Purple, EG = Emerald Green, KG = Kelly Green

** For XXL & XXXL please add 0.50£ per item

Baseball Caps, Navy with white logo £ 6.00 inc. P&P

Back Issues of Sea People…….£ 3.75 each Inc. P&P
Buy in Bulk:…….5 or more ISSUES. £3.25 each INC. P&P 10 or more ISSUES £3.00 each INC. P&P

PACKING & POSTAGE ON CLOTHING ITEMS: UK: £2.50 FIRST ITEM, £2 EACH EXTRA ITEM
- EUROPE AIRMAIL:£3 PER ITEM WORLD AIRMAIL: £5 PER ITEM

P & P for Burgee: UK £0.75; Europe £1.40; Rest of World £1.75

PAYMENT WITH ORDER, IN STERLING CHEQUES AS PRICED ABOVE (OR CREDIT CARD – PHONE OR WRITE), OR PLEASE ALLOW £5 FOR OUR CURRENCY CONVERSION COSTS. THANK YOU!

OUR ADDRESS: **PCA ORDERS, 118 HOWETH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH, DORSET BH10 5NS, UK.**

PCA Membership Application Form

Hi, if you're reading this and you're not a member of the PCA, is it not time you joined?

VISA and MASTERCARD welcomed.

It's £20 for a calendar year (approx $37US) and **new** members get 1 free back issue of the Sea People magazine

Your Name (as shown on credit card)……..……..

Card Number……..……

Card expiry date ..../20….

Your Address……...

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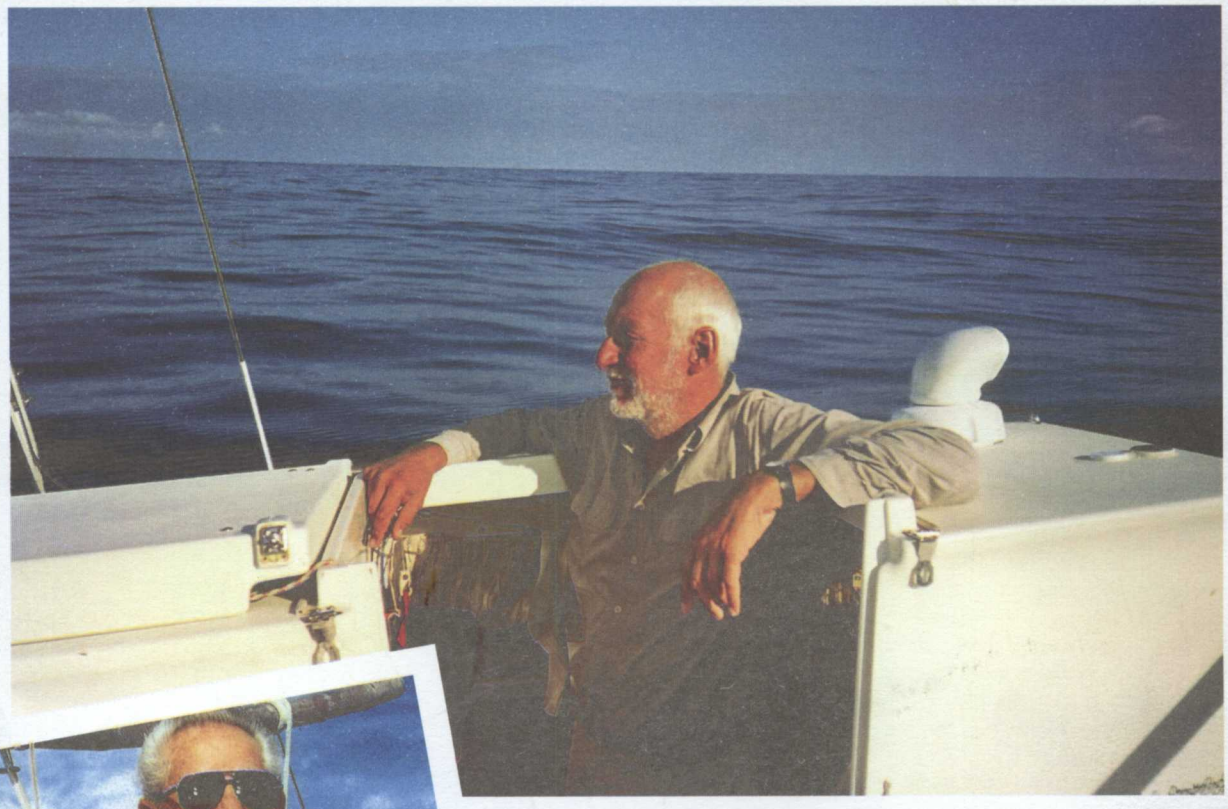
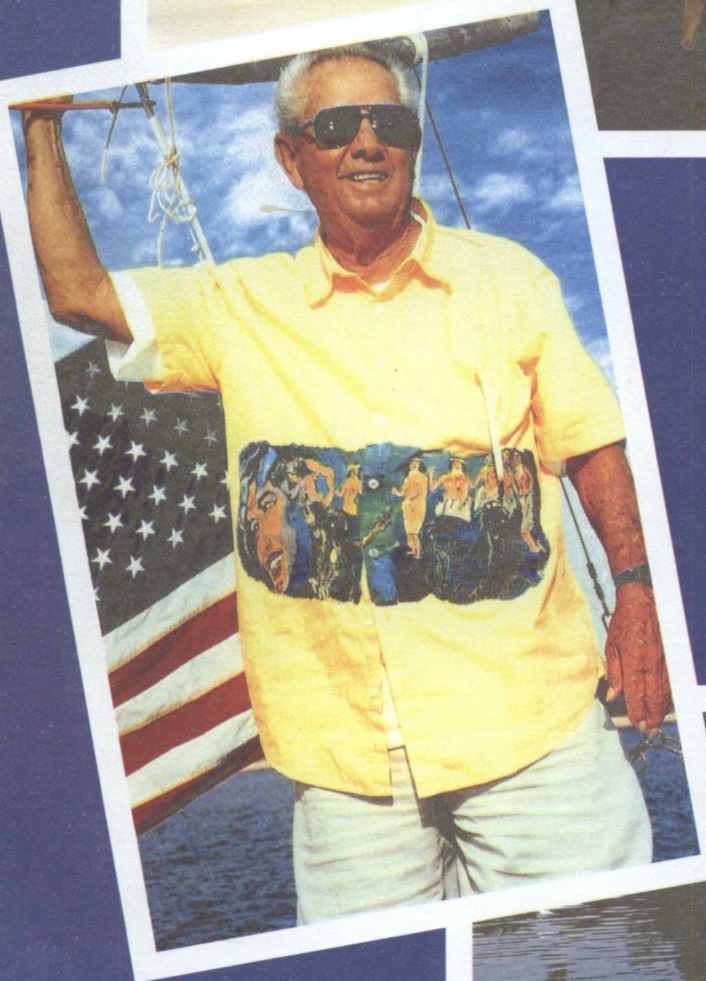
Post this to - PCA Office, 118 Howeth Rd, Bournemouth, BH10 5NS, United Kingdom or
Contact the secretary for alternative ways of paying or supplying credit card details to the office
+44 (0)1202 531445 or email secretary@pca-seapeople.org or pca@pca-seapeople.org
Please give us phone number, email addresses etc. to help the office and other PCA members contact you.





Up : Gunter Zimmerman becalmed in the Mid Atlantic

Left : Gene Perry during the Florida Wharram Meeting. What a nice shirt!

Below : Ian Sharpe with his nice, radio controlled, model Tehini.